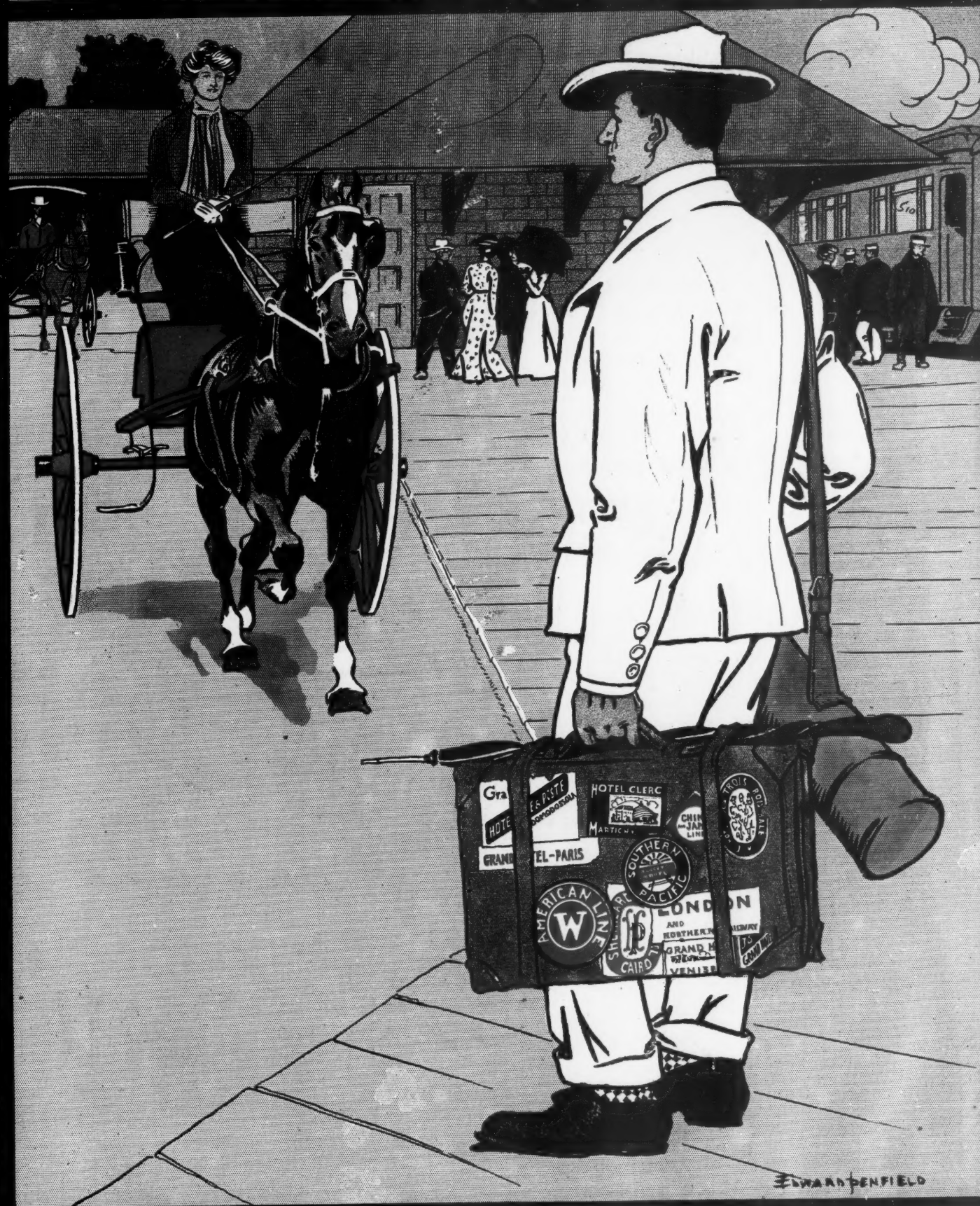


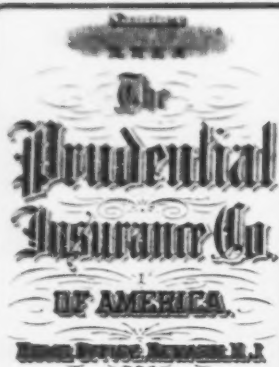
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VOL XXIX NO 16

JULY 19 1902

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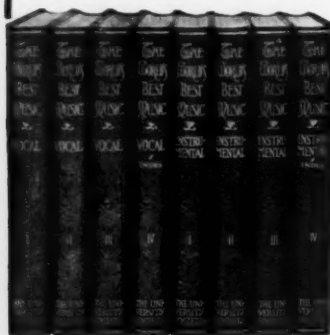
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THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AT PRESENT PRESENTS the strange case of an organization profiting by its own misdeeds. The very refusal of its leaders in Congress to grant relief to Cuba gave Mr. Roosevelt an opportunity to appear in one of his most attractive rôles and immensely enhanced his popularity. Granting that Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated for President in 1904, which nobody doubts, it would not be an exaggeration for Senator Elkins to boast that he is indirectly responsible for the popularity of the candidate and for much of the strength of the party. There is a paradox for you. Mr. Roosevelt's party offends the public, but in so doing gives Mr. Roosevelt an opportunity to greatly please the public and thus to return to the party more than the popularity it threw away. The President spoke to an enormous crowd at Pittsburg on the Fourth of July, and was greeted with the greatest cordiality. In the course of his speech he spoke of his regret that reciprocity had not been embodied in statute or treaty, and added, "But it will be, just as sure as fate." The means he intends to employ to bring about this desirable state of affairs are not apparent, but his work may not be so hard when the beet Senators have heard from their people.

THE EVER GLORIOUS FOURTH WAS CELEBRATED with great vivacity in our more or less lovely domain beyond the seas. The features of the day were the proclamation of amnesty to all but our incorrigible fellow citizens, the Moros—if that's the name of the rascals—and the announcement that the war is over and Peace, with her attendant train of Plenty, Industry and Domestic Joys, is at hand. The man who seems to enjoy the amnesty least of all is Aguinaldo. The patriot is said to be afraid to go out in Manila lest some friend of a man whom he once lightly caused to be killed should put a knife under his fifth rib. It is a mournful situation when this eager but unlucky hero must ask to be kept in jail because of the blindness of his countrymen to the blessings he attempted to secure for them. But it is the common lot of patriots. The Gracchi and Aguinaldo. It is said that he may pay a visit to this country. If he does, he will be received kindly in all parts of the land and with demonstrations of high regard in the neighborhood of Dedham, Mass.

BUT ALL IS NOT HAPPINESS IN THE "JEWELS OF the Pacific," notwithstanding the political comforts of the people. For one thing the cholera is increasing in a most alarming manner. Ten thousand cases have been reported since last November, with seven thousand deaths, and the fear prevails that the experience of 1882 will be repeated when the plague destroyed the people of the archipelago by the hundreds of thousands. It is quite possible that cases of cholera will be brought to this country during the summer by troops returning from the islands, but fortunately modern sanitary science knows how to deal with this terror, and there is hardly any danger that the disease will gain a foothold in any part of our national domain where the Constitution is in force and the water supply is pure. The ease with which the authorities restricted the epidemic to Hamburg—which paid the penalty for carelessness about its drinking water—in 1892 was good proof that a plague that once would sweep around the world in a year is no longer to be regarded as a menace to civilized nations.

THE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN JUDGE TAFT AND the Vatican on the question of expelling the friars from the Philippines have proceeded with patience and good-nature on both sides and have given the onlookers an opportunity of studying two opposite but equally effective systems of diplomatic training. Judge Taft's mission is a difficult one. It is not merely a case of carrying a bag of money to Rome, laying it down on Cardinal Rampolla's little desk and bidding him distribute it among the dispossessed ecclesiastics. The Vatican is obliged to consider a good many complications before deciding what shall be done. The orders are powerful in Roman politics; precedents of this sort are dangerous; the feelings of Spain and Austria, both powerful friends of the Church, must be taken into account. But eventually, no doubt, the friars will be disposed of in a manner agreeable to the wishes of the people of this country and not injurious to the dignity of the Church. And when Judge Taft comes home, he will know more about the old diplomacy and Cardinal Rampolla will know something about the new.

LORD SALISBURY, WHOSE ALOOFNESS FROM HIS political allies and indifference to public affairs have been growing since the death of his wife, probably will retire from the Premiership of Great Britain in the course of the next six

months. At least this is the common report in London. His successor will be Mr. Balfour, but no one in England considers Mr. Balfour strong enough or industrious enough to manage a party that is showing marked signs of rebelliousness. Then comes Mr. Chamberlain's long-awaited opportunity. At present the Colonial Secretary is engaged in an attempt to bring about his old project for closer relations between the colonies and the mother country. He has held conferences with the colonial premiers now in London from which may grow some arrangement in line with his theories. The opposition to any departure from a free-trade policy is the chief obstacle to the settlement. It is plain that an arrangement not based upon reciprocal concessions in the matter of tariff duties would be of small account and such concessions must be in the nature of a qualified acceptance of a policy of protection. Mr. Chamberlain himself has no scruples on this score. The other day he said: "If by adherence to economic pedantry, to old shibboleths, we are to lose those opportunities of closer union which are offered us by our colonies, if we are to put aside occasions now within our grasp, if we do not take every chance in our power to keep British trade in British hands, I am certain that we shall deserve the disasters which will infallibly come upon us." The "economic pedantry," the "old shibboleths" mean free trade, of course. But on this point a majority of the British public are not agreed with Mr. Chamberlain. Perhaps they are moving in his direction, but if they are the movement is by no means enthusiastic.

IN VENEZUELA THE REVOLUTION THAT HAS BEEN simmering for nearly a year has begun to boil. The revolutionary army is led by Manuel Matos, a very rich man, and money seems to be as useful in the patriotic movements of that ideal republic as it is elsewhere. President Castro has taken the field in person, after exploding a proclamation that does honor to his training in rhetoric. "Anarchy," he says, "has set its claws into the entrails of the nation, but I shall strangle it with energy. I take the field. I go to transfer into the scene of operations my enthusiastic faith, my invincible activity and my personal direction. It will now be seen that with the aid of my services, linked with those of my soldiers and the fidelity of my fortune, I shall draw peace for the nation from the burning bosom of war." And this means that Castro is not yet ready to join that picturesque colony of retired South American dictators who help to decorate Paris with the money stolen from their people. We do not know enough about Señor Matos to warrant us in giving him a "character," but he would have to be a pretty poor lot not to be better than Señor Castro.

THE NEW YORK COURT OF APPEALS THE OTHER day handed down a curious decision in a curious case. A manufacturing company had used the photograph of a girl of eighteen for advertising purposes without obtaining her consent or the consent of her guardian. She sued for damages and the learned court decided against her on the ground that the picture was exact, which was the very reason she objected to it. If it had been inaccurate she would have ground for action but no human reason for suing. The court, through Chief-Justice Parker, completely upset the "right of privacy" as a principle of New York law. The court practically decided that any one's face may be any one else's fortune. The truer the picture, the less the offence. But one of the hopes of humanity is that courts sometimes reverse themselves. As marching more closely in step with the general notion of the duty of courts in the protection of the weak against the strong, we are glad to quote the dissenting opinion by Judge Gray: "The proposition is to me an inconceivable one that these defendants may, unauthorizedly, use the likeness of this young woman upon their advertisements as a method of attracting widespread public attention to their wares and that she must submit to the mortifying notoriety without right to invoke the preventive power of a court of equity."

OUR DISTINGUISHED FELLOW COUNTRYMAN, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, has been paying the customary visits of courtesy to his fellow potentates. At Kiel he received the Kaiser on his yacht and took lunch on the Kaiser's yacht. We shall not know what passed between the two eminent persons until the Kaiser tells, for Mr. Morgan is sententious as a man must be who works and rules within hearing of the wide-awake ears of Wall Street. "I have nothing to say," he told a reporter. "I met the Kaiser and liked him." In Berlin the great financier was the object of open-mouthed attention from the populace. Crowds gathered at the hotel to see him arrive and stared at him when he went out to take

the air. And well they might. He is a much more interesting, able and powerful person than most of the kings and princelings that command the attention of the people of Berlin on occasions. Fortunately for them, he dislikes politics; is a very unpracticed politician, as his failure in a recent attempt to influence Congress and the President may attest. For what would happen to the balance of power if he should turn his genius for reorganization and consolidation into political channels? What would rivers, mountains, reichslands, buffer states, prejudices, languages, religions and frontiers be to a man who claps a dozen railways, steamship lines or steel mills together with a flourish of the pen?

KING EDWARD'S RECOVERY HAS BEEN MORE rapid than any one expected, and it is entirely likely that he will soon be as "fit" as he was before his illness, or even better than he was. This is a frequent experience in such cases. The care a man receives under the watchful eye of the doctor and the complete freedom he enjoys—or doesn't—from the intoxication of modern food and drink does more for him than a course of treatment at Carlsbad. This is not meant as a recommendation to the gouty and plethoric to contract appendicitis and be carved by the surgeon. Most people, not unnaturally, would prefer a part cure by less heroic remedies. But if one has to bear a capital operation, there is always comfort in the thought that recovery may be attended by a renewal of vigor and a quite pleasant "toning-up" of the system. It is a case of enforced application of the "cure by starvation" that has been so highly recommended by Dr. Mark Twain.

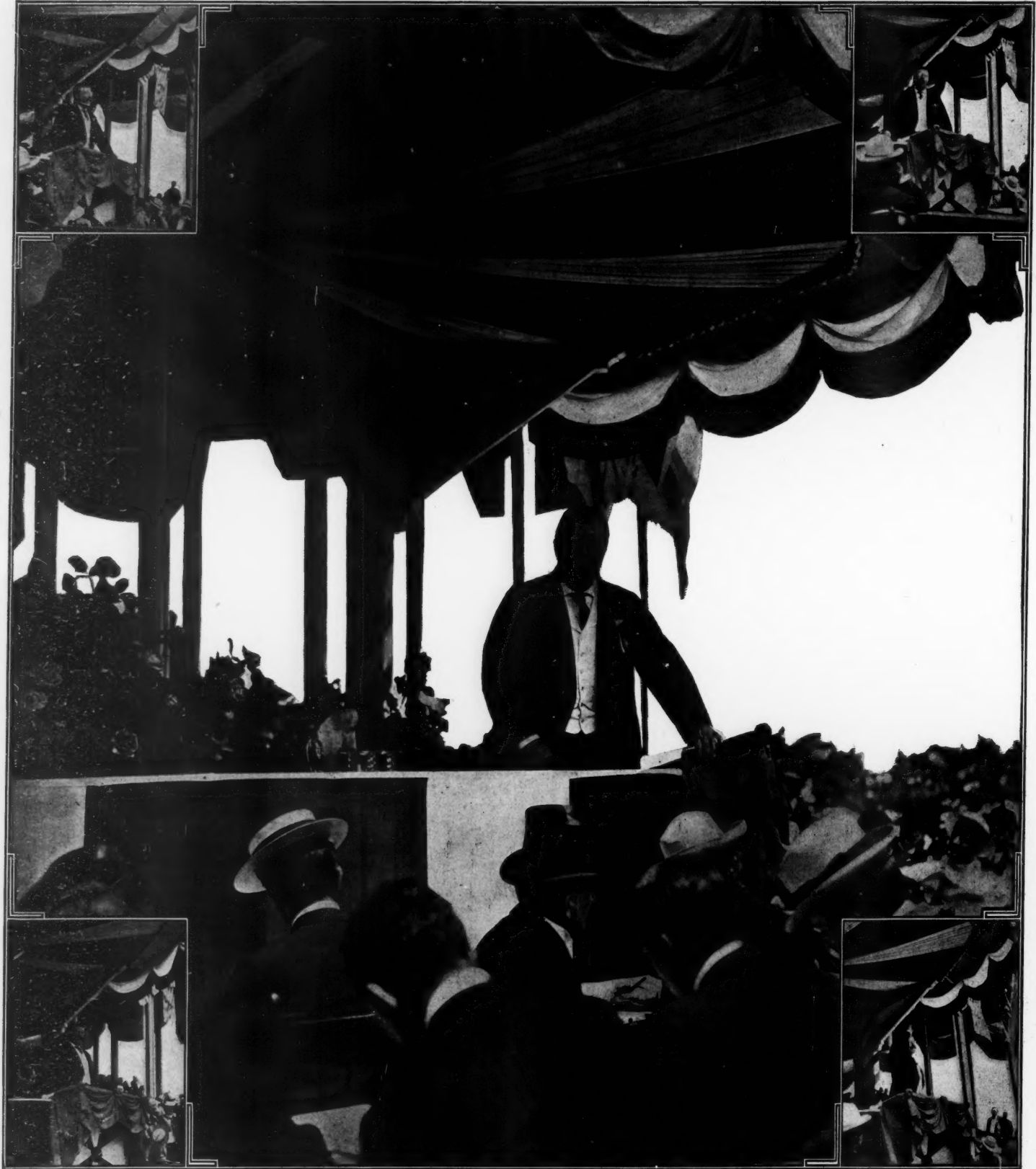
WE FEEL BOUND TO SAY THAT NO VERY GREAT moral lesson is conveyed in the illustrious patient's rapid recovery, for it disappoints (we mean, of course—disproves the theory of) every one (including the writer) who predicted that King Edward's large, free and temperamental life would tell heavily against him in the battle. As a matter of veracious record it has not told at all, apparently. He has come through as easily as if he had emulated rather Edward the Confessor than Charles II. among his predecessors. At all events, his recovery has been the subject of sincere rejoicing in every part of the world, even in Paris, where, if he is hated for his race, he is admired for his agreeable personal manners and for certain traits that a Frenchman holds in affectionate regard. During his illness, if he has not had much chance to bear himself like a king, he has managed to bear himself like a man. All reports, from the official statements of his attendants to the gossip of the clubs, agree in remarking on his fortitude under pain and his steadiness in danger.

NEW YORK PEOPLE, WHO HAVE BEEN STIFLED, deafened, hurled over precipices and blown up by dynamite since June, 1900, when the construction of the rapid transit subway began, are mildly rejoicing because the work of excavation seems to be approaching an end. During that period the city has presented at times a very good imitation of the bad lands of Dakota, with a small volcano exploding every hour or two. No wonder sensitive persons began to doubt whether any "improvement" was worth such an expense to the nerves and happiness of a great community. But there is promise of better days ahead. With the completion of the excavation the most disagreeable part of the big job is done and all that remains is to put in the masonry and steel, and restore the streets. The contractor promises that the trains will be running before January, 1904.

NOT SINCE THE DAYS WHEN THE INSANE DES-perado Charlie Raud terrified whole counties in Southern Illinois has there lived such an outlaw as the wild creature Tracy, who for nearly a month has held at bay sheriffs' posses, militia and vigilante committees in the State of Washington. He escaped from the penitentiary after killing three of the guards, and by great daring and really marvellous cunning and marksmanship has held his freedom against thousands of pursuers, now appearing in a woodsman's shanty to take toll at the muzzle of his gun, now racing across Puget Sound in a stolen launch, now lurking in a graveyard on the outskirts of Seattle. Up to the present moment he has killed nine men and wounded many others. It is hard to conceive at first how one man can become a figure of terror to a whole resolute community, how his outlawry can last for even a day; but the "bad man" of the West, with all the strength, endurance and acuteness of the insane, is a hard proposition even for the border sheriff who is looking to kill him, but always has a sage thought for his own safety. One thing is certain, though—that he will be taken dead or alive. The "alive" is added for euphony.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT OPENS THE CAMPAIGN

PHOTOGRAPH BY PITTSBURG PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY



The President Speaking at Pittsburg—"I regret that a measure of reciprocity with Cuba is not already embodied in statute or in treaty, but it will be, sure as fate"



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES M. HARE

President Roosevelt Addressing a Concourse of 200,000 People at Schenley Park, Pittsburg, July 4, 1902

As the guest of honor at the celebration of Independence Day in Pittsburg, President Roosevelt addressed a tremendous audience—fully 200,000 people—at Schenley Park. The President expressed his belief that Congress will surely come to the aid of Cuba. He then praised Attorney-General Knox for his "Ounce of performance greater than a ton of promise," in meeting the problems caused by the growth and concentration of great individual and corporate fortunes. "To meet which problems, new legislation is needed—some through municipalities, some through states, some through the national government; but above all, we need honest and fearless administration of the laws as they are on the statute books, laws in the interest neither of the rich as such nor of the poor as such, but in the interest of exact and equal justice to all alike." This was practically the opening of the campaign



CURIOUS PEOPLE OF THE CANAL COUNTRY

By J. D. WHELPLEY

NEARLY half a century ago, Walker, the American filibuster, conducted his ill-fated expedition into Nicaragua. It was a sort of Jameson raid. Had he been successful in securing control of the country, the United States Government might have recognized his conquest and added Nicaragua to other outlying possessions, thus destroying the integrity of Central American territory which exists to this day as it has existed since the North American continent was politically subdivided.

As it was, the expedition failed. Walker was sacrificed to international courtesy, and a discreet silence prevailed at Washington as to what might have happened had things been otherwise. This was the only armed invasion of Nicaragua ever made by the people of the United States. Should an isthmian canal be built across Nicaragua, instead of Panama—or even as well as Panama—a political and commercial situation would result that would be more effective in extending the power and influence of the United States in the territory adjacent to the waterway than the most successful military coup possible.

The Liberal party welcomed Freebooter Walker to Nicaragua. The Conservatives drove him and his followers to death and destruction. The Liberal party is in power to-day, and its leaders now welcome every prospective American concessionaire, take his money in return for permission to do some intangible thing in the far-distant future, spend it in perfecting their control upon the country, and wait eagerly but confidently for the next rainbow-chaser with a liberal supply of that scarcest of all commodities in Nicaragua, real money.

The government of Nicaragua is a military despotism masquerading under the name of a republic. It takes money to keep up an army, however; hence there is a commercial side to the military control. The credit of the country is bad. The silver money goes for its bullion value, and government paper money is something to be wary of, to be bargained for if needed, the necessities of the moment governing the rate of exchange, which is generally about three or four paper dollars for one of gold.

The people of Nicaragua are of Indian, Spanish and negro blood. As a rule, they are rather larger than the Mexicans, and have a fiercer and more aggressive look and manner. The Indian type is flat-faced and dull of expression. The Spanish type is dark, has high cheekbones, quick, restless eye, and a rather graceful and brigandish way of draping the cloak and wearing the broad-brimmed hat. The negro is unmistakable when a full-blood, and leaves a strong mark on the mixture with Indian or Spanish blood. The hair generally tells the ancestral story. Most of the negroes are found on the east coast, which is easy of access from Jamaica and other islands of the West Indies.

The natives of Nicaragua view the stranger with a sort of haughty and even contemptuous indifference. They give the impression of a cruel and warlike people, difficult to keep in order and aggressive in maintaining the integrity of their territory. They are a strange contrast to the people of Costa Rica, for the latter are the most peaceful and gentle of all Central Americans. In Costa Rica, beauty among the women is very general. In Nicaragua, even a fairly good-looking woman is extremely uncommon in any class, rich or poor.

Nearly every one carries arms of some description—a rifle, a revolver, knife or machete; and, while there is little need of them on the high roads of travel, a tourist going for a horseback ride in the interior or any distance from officers of the law is urged to make a display of a revolver at least, to indicate his ability to defend himself. The only danger is from highway robbery, as banditti are plentiful. The wealthier natives generally go well armed and oftentimes in travelling through the country take with them an armed escort. In all places of importance a detachment of the nondescript Nicaraguan army is stationed. The soldiers are officered by friends of the President, men of some education and considerable manner, but the rank and file are conscripts upon whom close watch is kept to prevent desertion.

Corinto, the main entrance on the west coast, is one of the best harbors of the Pacific side. A small lighthouse marks one side of the narrow entrance, and as the steamer salutes with three whistles a man ashore beats with a stick on one of the iron pillars of the lighthouse to acknowledge the signal. The defences of this harbor consist of a few old cannon which may have been left there by Walker but which look as if they were of even older vintage and may have been brought here by the Spaniards several hundred years ago. As the steamer proceeds up the channel, a sharp turn to the left brings into view a pretty little village, almost hidden in palm leaves and cocoanut trees, but above all towers the belfry of the inevitable church, the centre of all social, political and even commercial life in the Central American republics. As the vessel comes to anchor, it is surrounded by a swarm of native canoes, seeking fares to the shore. Very few foreigners make their permanent residence in Nicaragua. A few Englishmen, of course, for they are everywhere; a few Germans and a few Frenchmen. In the effort to make myself agreeable after landing, I remarked to a chance English acquaintance:

"You have a pretty town here."

He looked at me with a pitying glance. "From the sea, perhaps," he said quietly, "but you may thank God in your prayers that you do not live here," and he heaved a weary sigh of disgust and unrest.

The Englishman was justified in his criticism, for Corinto is a small town and under the beautiful palms there is nothing but squalor, dirt and unhealthfulness. The town has a little war history of its own of quite recent day, for it was but a few years ago that England sent five big warships into the harbor and demanded redress for injury to a British subject. The natives did not care much for the town anyway, which is not surprising, so they prepared to retreat, leaving it in the hands of the British navy.

Just back of Corinto, the railroad on its way to the interior crosses a little bay or inlet, and plans were laid for every one to board the train and leave the next morning. The Nicaraguans had considerable sport in advance over the discomfiture of the English which was to come. In the meantime, some venturesome English lieutenant had been prospecting in a small boat and making a few soundings. He discovered that the bay behind the town was navigable for large vessels. In the morning the train left Corinto according to schedule, but when the bridge was reached, to the dismay of the retreating forces, there lay a British war vessel with her guns trained on the rickety structure over which the train was expected to pass. The population of Corinto returned to town and surrendered the city without firing a shot. The British tars furnished the native band with the music of "God Save the Queen," and the band with feverish haste learned to give a very fair rendition of the air and played it morning, noon and night for some time thereafter. The wholesome respect thus inculcated was shown quite recently when a reception was given to a newly arrived German diplomat. To the latter's astonishment, as he set foot upon the Corinto pier the Nicaraguan band struck up "God Save the Queen" and everybody took his hat off until it was finished. The Corinto people still remember the warship which came in the night and so mysteriously sailed in behind the town.

The hotel at Corinto is typical of all the hotels in the country towns. Downstairs a large general room—which is office, saloon and parlor—and a dining-room and a kitchen. In the centre of the house the usual open court, which is used as a dining-room in fair weather. Upstairs are the bedrooms, each opening upon an inside and an outside gallery, and in the gallery in front of each room is a grass hammock for the noon siesta. The beds are canvas cots with one sheet and a pillow, everything enveloped with the much-needed mosquito netting. There is more life at night than there is in the daytime, and the traveller, unaccustomed to the racket, will have much difficulty in getting sleep, what with the noise made by the servants, the arriving and departing of guests, and the squeaking of pigs as they are beaten with sticks to keep them out of the rooms below. It is a relief to escape in the morning to a very fair-looking railroad car of American make, which, drawn by an American-made engine, makes the journey to the interior. All of the rolling stock is imported from the United States, but the dirt which is allowed to accumulate therein is of purely native origin.

The first city of any size at which the train from Corinto stops is Chinandega, the erstwhile capital of that evanescent political dream, "The Greater Central American Republic." The Great Republic, or the "United States of Central America," never lasts long enough to bring the officials thereof to Chinandega, so it has never shown the stimulus of this new life. Its honors have so far existed on paper only, and will always. As the train proceeds toward Lake Managua unmistakable evidences of earthquake disturbances are seen everywhere. It was but a short time ago that every building in this section of the country, except those of the most stable character, was damaged to a more or less extent. North of the railroad the cone-shaped mountains of Vieja and Telica tower to a height of nearly five thousand feet. They are extinct volcanoes, though they smoke and rumble ominously at times even now.

The natives do not seem to have much artistic instinct, nor do they make many things peculiar to the country. In some parts of the country interesting relics of a previous and more advanced civilization have been found, but the modern confines his work to the simplest forms. Agriculture is primitive, as are the implements with which it is carried on. Handiwork is confined to the simple ornamentation of the "jicaras," or gourd dishes, the making of a few straw goods and the simplest form of pottery. The most adept of them all are the Rivas Indians, who carve cocoanut shells quite ingeniously. The natives near Messiah make a few clay images which apparently represent all that is left of the real artistic ability of their ancestors who worked in clay.

For many miles out on the Pacific Ocean and from nearly any part of western Nicaragua can be seen the great volcanic mountain of Momotombo. A delicate wreath of smoke issues from the crater at its peak. It is a bare cone except for some shrub timber encircling the base, and, like the people over whom it stands guard, a revolution is always brewing in its heart. Lake Managua is a fine body of water, nearly circular and about thirty miles in diameter. It has several little green islands, one of them called Momotombito, or Little Momotombo.

Momotombito has not yet developed any vicious habits and does not even smoke. On one of my journeys through Nicaragua I arrived in Managua, the capital, the day before Christmas. People were in their best clothes, and every house, no matter how poverty-stricken, had some little attempt at decoration which relieved the absolute squalor which marks the habitation of the average Nicaraguan. That night, which was Christmas Eve, the little foreign colony gathered at the hotel and toasted all the rulers of the earth as represented by the varied nationality of those present. On the street outside the natives were celebrating in their own way, and a procession with torches came from the church and paraded the city until midnight. It was a noisy mob in the centre of which was a Virgin carrying a doll representing the Christ child which was born that night.

An elaborately worked canopy was held over her head by four maidens, who also carried candles in their hands. The girls were surrounded by a mob of men carrying torches. The progress of the march was marked by ascending rockets, and many of the crowd were noisy with too much native liquor. Every once in a while a blockade resulted from a drunken altercation in the middle of the street. There was little reverence, for the Virgin and the Child were often seriously jostled, and the people seemed more intent upon a good time than upon paying tribute to the Lord of Hosts, whose presentment was supposed to be in their midst. The police regarded the affair with indifference. It was a curious sight and significant of many things in the life of this people, nearly all of these things being drags upon their civilization.

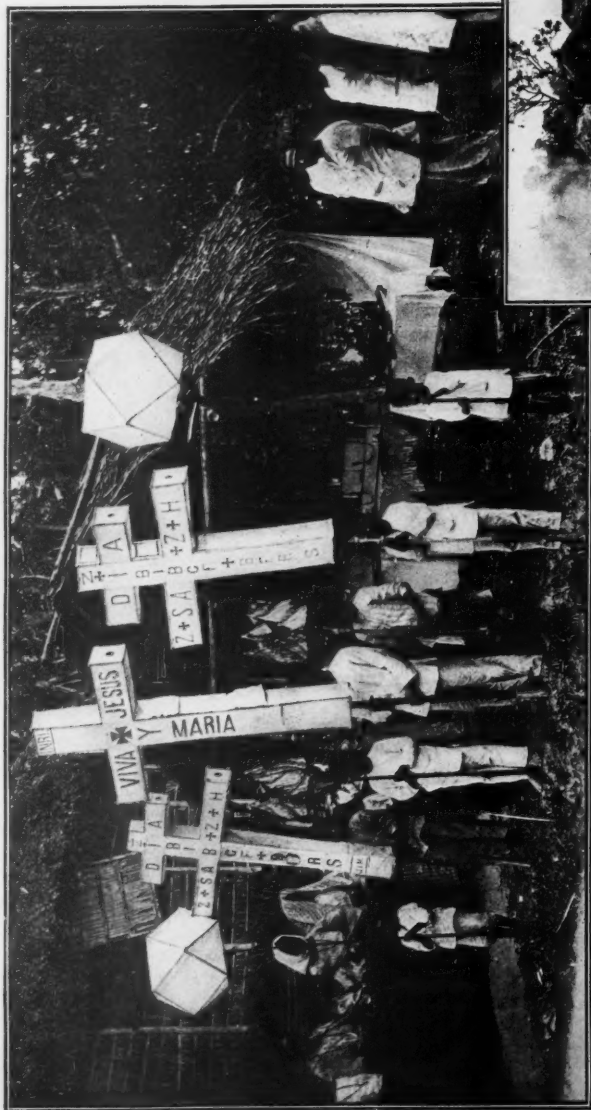
The next day was Christmas, and in the morning business proceeded as usual, but in the afternoon nearly the entire population attended the cock-fights going on in various parts of the city. One of them was dignified by the presence of President Zelaya, who bet ten dollars on every battle, and was lucky, as he generally is. In the morning the great market-place was in full operation. It is a very large building, occupying an entire block, and has a big court in the centre. The fruits are various, the meats likewise, and all are put up in novel way, not the least tempting to American tastes. There were numerous vendors of cheap and tawdry German-made trinkets, mostly gilt. There is plenty of strong but good tobacco raised in Nicaragua, but the cigars and cigarettes are of the crudest manufacture. It is in these markets of the Central American republics that the life of the countries can best be seen and understood, and they possess a tremendous fascination for any one who can look upon them understandingly.

The climate of Managua is bad and it is a very unhealthy city. In the rainy season the streets are muddy and the fever is everywhere. In the dry season the dust is several inches deep in the streets, and the entire population gasps for breath and suffers from the most profound depression of spirits in fear of the climate. Even the residents of the place make no attempt to find excuse for the conditions which prevail, except to protest against a government which spends nothing for the people and everything to perpetuate the power of those in control. There are beauties in the surroundings, and a few who can afford it have built summer places, or "fincas," in the suburbs near the shores of Lake Managua. These have been planted with young cocoa palms and other tropical plants and will in time make very beautiful resorts. The view of the lake is fine, and one can always have sport on the banks, shooting at the enormous alligators which every few moments make their appearance at the water's edge.

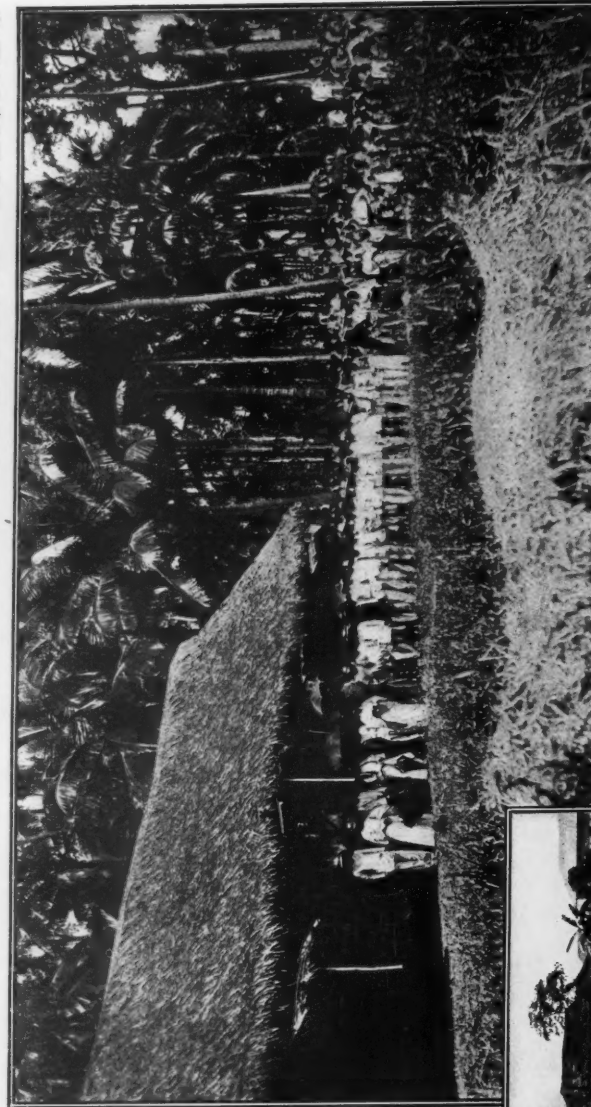
Between Managua and Granada lies a well-tilled and fertile stretch of country. Granada is quite the most foreign-looking city in this part of the isthmus. Shaken by earthquakes and ravaged by fire, it has acres of ruins and miles of streets practically deserted. The city is not in favor with the present administration of the republic, as it is the hotbed of the opposition party. The city offices are filled with friends of the President and there is constant friction with the population. In all social gatherings the city officers and the officers of the military garrison are severely excluded. One night, when I was there, a dance was given by the best people of the town, and to this dance were invited nearly all of the foreign colony, which, however, is not large at Granada. The commandante of the garrison was not invited, and to even matters up he raided the gathering. The women were driven into a corner by soldiers with bayoneted guns and all the men present were taken off to jail, leaving the women to get home the best they might.

From Granada to the Atlantic coast the journey is all by water, first across Lake Nicaragua and then down the San Juan River to Greytown. This is an interesting part of the trip, but the traveller is not brought into contact with the life of the country as he is in travelling overland. The journey from the Pacific to the Atlantic across Nicaragua by the way of this old and long-established trail is one which will give an excellent idea of the character of all the Central American countries, of which Nicaragua is probably the worst governed and the most backward, but to Americans the most interesting, in view of the possible construction of an isthmian canal. It may not be long before the people of the United States are more or less intimately acquainted with the resources of the country and the peculiarities of the people.

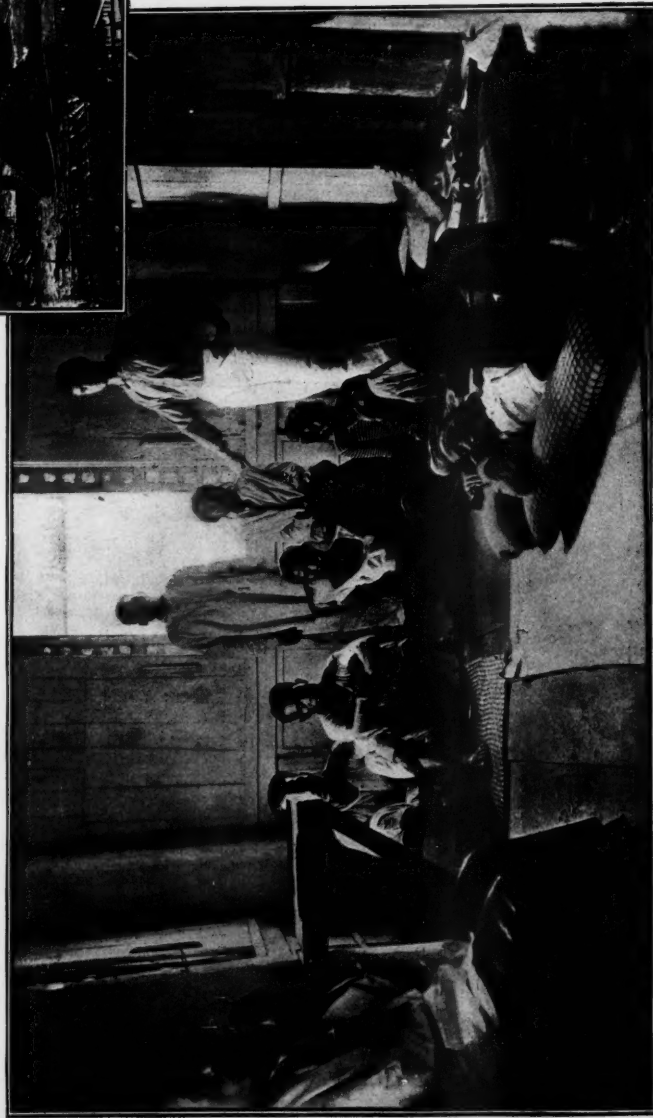
ASIATIC CHOLERA, THE LATEST SCOURGE OF THE UNFORTUNATE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS



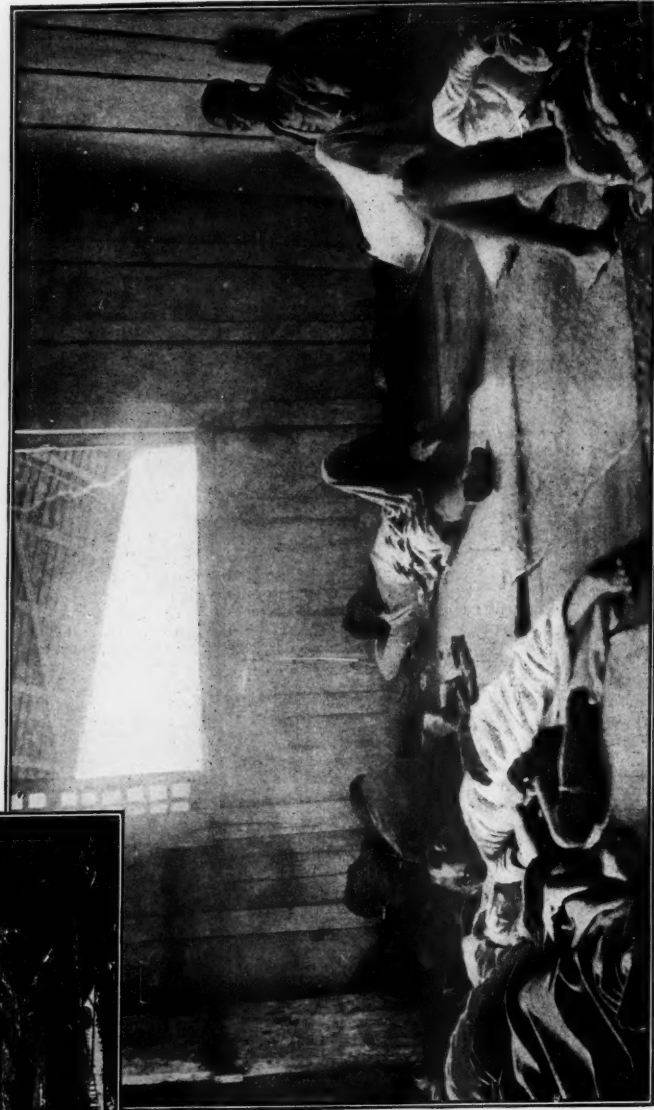
"Deliver us from the Scourge!" A Religious Procession at Nueva Caceres



"Suspects" in the Quarantine Lines and Detention Camp outside Nueva Caceres



In the Cholera Hospital, Convalescents' Ward—Hospital Corps Man in Attendance

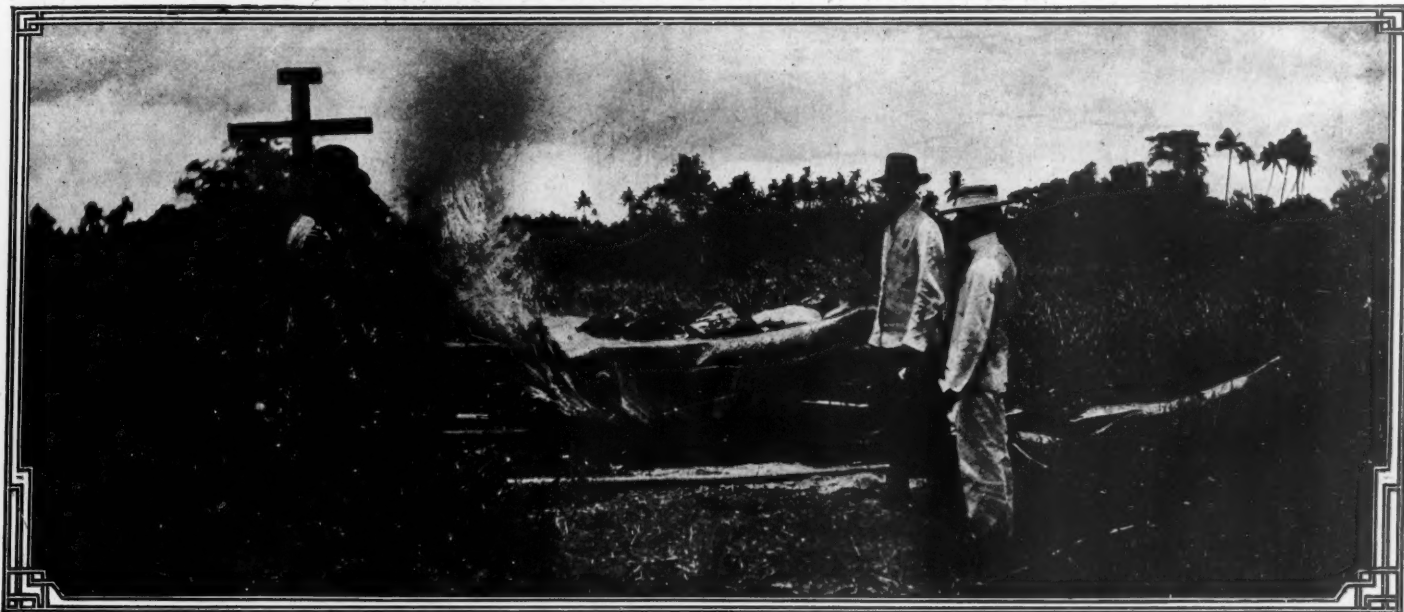


Fatally ill Natives in the Hospital. Filipinos shown in the Picture were dying at the Time

Burning an Infected Village

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY OF OCCUPATION

Literally a Case of "Ashes to Ashes"—Cremating a Victim of the Asiatic Cholera at Nueva Caceres.



ASIATIC CHOLERA IN THE PHILIPPINES

(SEE OPPOSITE PAGE)

THE OLD PROVERB, that troubles never come singly, has certainly again been verified in regard to the natives of Southern Luzon, and especially those who live in the province of Camarines Sur.

Immediately following the revolution against the Spaniards, which cost the Filipinos so much blood and treasure, came the first expedition of the Americans. This continued state of war left these people with little more than their land and cattle. Then came the "Surra," as it has been lately termed, which has practically exterminated in this district the natives' most valuable animal, the carabao; to say nothing of the loss of innumerable droves of horses and herds of cattle. Last, and as the crowning misfortune, the Asiatic cholera has crept into the very heart of the villages, strewn its path with victims.

It was about the 20th of March that a certain boat arrived from Manila, the chartered army transport *Castellano*. Three days later a case of cholera was discovered by one of the army surgeons. The victim was a member of this boat's crew. Immediately steps were taken to quarantine the boat and all possible precautions enforced at once to prevent an epidemic, but the mischief had been done. The second day, three cases were discovered in spite of the efforts of the natives to conceal them. The next, five; and so on, until we have had in Nueva Caceres one hundred and sixty cases, with one hundred and ten deaths.

The rule of burning every infected house has been rigidly carried out, and to this fact, with other drastic sanitary measures, is due the great success the surgeons have achieved. In infected centres, whole barrios have been destroyed and all people who resided therein have been removed to a detention camp outside the city limits.

"A house in the town," says our correspondent, an army officer, "has been used as a cholera hospital; at present there are some forty cases therein, all under the care of an army surgeon and with army hospital corps men as assist-

ants. There are four wards—two each for men and women. In this way the more serious cases are divided from the convalescents. To walk through the rooms and see these suffering ones in various stages of this terrible malady is enough to call forth the tears of any man, even the world-worn man-of-arms.

"As a further precaution, all bodies of those who have died are burned, after the custom that prevails in India. It was about nine in the evening when we went to a small barrio just outside the town to see this gruesome sight. Long before our arrival we could see the red glare that lighted the sky, indicating that the work of cremation had commenced. When we were still some hundred yards or more away the pungent odor of burning flesh filled the air. There were but four bodies in the pyre that night, fewer than usual."

The native population has become almost panic-stricken. Great numbers of them have left the infected parts to live in the mountains; the others, less fortunate, who have been forced to remain, are thoroughly imbued with the idea that the only salvation lies in prayer. In scores of places about the town little shrines are erected, decorated with palms and ferns, with some sacred picture or cross in the centre. At night, all these places are brilliantly lighted with lamps and candles. Crowds of natives gather there on bended knees to invoke divine assistance in this great hour of peril.

Then, too, the natives, principally women and children, parade the street, each carrying a lighted candle. At stated intervals pictures or images of saints, prettily decorated and lighted, are borne upon the shoulders of the village maidens.

As this dread disease, weeks ago, spread beyond Nueva Caceres all the world has turned an anxious eye upon the Philippines. Every assurance is given, however, that neither New York nor San Francisco is endangered, physicians declaring that the distance between these ports and Manila makes infection highly improbable.

Since last November, when the first case of cholera was discovered, the total number of cases reported in all provinces up to July 8 was 10,842, the total deaths 8,078, and the number of cases in the army 104. Army officers declare that half the story is not yet told, as the disease is now ravaging the entire archipelago. In Manila alone, the total number of new cases reported for a single day—July 7—was 50, and on the same day there were 30 deaths. As the natives will not observe the simple rules of hygiene and sanitation, the mortality during the summer will increase. The great hope is that the rainy season will begin earlier than usual and thus afford some relief.

Official reports declare that the disease has made inroads in the army, scoring more than 100 deaths. The reason given for the existence of cholera among the soldiers is "disobedience of sanitary regulations, especially orders concerning eating and drinking." During the last few weeks, however, the disease has been checked within the ranks of the army. "The epidemic," say officials of the War Department, "has been fought to a standstill in Manila by army medical officers, and is making no further progress in the army, but is seriously ravaging the native settlements throughout the archipelago."

Meantime, transports and other craft hailing from these islands are now subjected to strict quarantine regulations in all American and European ports, while the foe daily clutches new victims by the throat, and the cart-dreaded as was the tumbrel in Paris—carries the sufferers to the hospital where American army surgeons—heroes all—labor to save those who only the other day were fighting us as mortal enemies. Some are saved, others the disease has stricken so low that medical skill is futile. And so it is that from night to night in that far land holocausts illumine the sky, giving information thus of the passing and of the last rites of villagers who have succumbed to Asiatic cholera.



A VACATION TRIP TO THE NORTH POLE

By WALTER WELLMAN, Arctic Explorer and Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

WHEN JULY begins to sizzle and August to swelter how would an excursion to the North Pole suit you? Would it not be pleasant to join a hunting party which is to invade the realm of eternal ice and snow away up on the top of the earth, killing reindeer, polar bear, walrus and seals? It is not impossible. In fact, it is a summer jaunt quite within the reach of any one who has about three months to spare and a moderate sum of money for his share of the expenses. As for actually visiting the North Pole, of course that is figurative. But there is no reason in the world why a party of Americans should not enjoy their summer vacation in the very heart of the real Arctic region, nearer to the Pole than many of the earlier explorers were able to get, and so near that at midnight the sun will be seen shining near the zenith.

The prophets tell us that in the generations to come, all

northern Africa will be one vast winter resort for Americans and Europeans. Why is it not as safe to predict that all northern North America will become a summer resort? Even now many travellers—those who travel on their own yachts—put in at Iceland in summer.

As a year of preparation is necessary for such an unusual vacation, let us assume that the party is organized and prepared to leave New York about the middle of June or later next year, according to the distance to be traversed. Arrangements have previously been made, of course, for the necessary steamer and crew.

Your chartered steamship is awaiting you at Hammerfest or Tromsø, near the northern end of the Norwegian peninsula, the former being the most northerly town in the world. Probably there will be twenty or thirty of you, and if there are any women along that will do no harm, providing you

have been thoughtful enough to secure a steamer with sufficient cabin accommodations for so large a party. I do not mean the steamer on which you cross the ocean, but the one that is to be waiting for you in Norway—the chartered ship built for navigating Arctic waters, not large, nor very fast, but strong of hull and with an iron prow for forcing the ice and a lifting screw and other arrangements specially designed for the far-northern business. Such a steamer you can charter in Norway, if you speak in time, for about twelve thousand dollars for a summer cruise, this paying for the ship and crew and coal, and all expenses except your own table.

If you leave New York on the 15th of June you will be in London the 22d or 23d. By the 25th or 26th you will be at Bergen, Norway, having crossed the North Sea from Hull or Newcastle in a splendid passenger ship of one of the regular

CAPTURE OF THE LAST FILIPINO GENERAL OFFICER



Either by capture or surrender, all the important Filipino Generals are now "held by the enemy." General Vicente Lukban was captured on Washington's Birthday, this year, by Lieutenants Alphonse Strebler and Ray D. Hoover. In the photograph, General Lukban is shown sitting with his Secretary, Leo Paldo Arteche, and his Adjutant, Luceano K. Ortiz. Behind the captives stand their young American captors. The credit for the capture of this dangerous leader belongs chiefly to Lieutenant Strebler. Both he and Lieutenant Hoover, who aided in the capture, were formerly sergeants in the Forty-third Volunteers. It was as a scout in two campaigns that Strebler acquired the knowledge of Northern Samar which enabled him to lay the trap which caught the notorious Malay Dictator. For this service he has been rewarded with a first-lieutenancy in the regular army.

lines. At Bergen you take one of the "hurtig-rute" (fast-line) steamers which skirt the whole coast of Norway. During the next five days you will have one of the most delightful cruises known to the salt sea. More than half of the eighteen hundred miles which lie between Bergen and Tromsø or Hammerfest your clipper steamer, with comfortable accommodations and a fine table, will be in the famous fjords which skirt that mountainous coast. Salt but land-locked water will make you think you are in a great river, yet you will have the air of the sea in your nostrils; and no matter what the weather you will not be troubled by seasickness. If you have time you may leave the regular line and take at Bergen, Aalesund or Trondjem one of the smaller steamers which thread the deep and still more beautiful fjords which cut for one or two hundred miles into the mountains. If you omit this digression you will be at Tromsø or Hammerfest about the 1st of July. From the moment you leave Bergen you will have twenty-four hours of daylight every day, and after you leave Trondjem you will soon see the sun at midnight. On arriving at Hammerfest you find yourselves as far north as the northern limits of Alaska and within twelve hundred knots of the North Pole itself. Pretty good progress, considering that you are only a fortnight out from New York.

Now, boarding your special steamer and making yourselves as comfortable as possible in your cabins, you give orders to

the skipper to take you to Spitzbergen or Franz Josef Land. After telling the skipper where you want to go and that you want to get there as soon as possible, drop the subject. Don't attempt to tell him anything about his part of the job. If he encounters drift ice or fog, as he is very likely to do, permit him to work his way through it without any instructions from you. Probably he will have been at this business for twenty or thirty years. He knows all about it. Be patient, and he will get you to your destination. It may be necessary to sit about in the cabins for one or two days during a dense fog in which you can't see the length of the ship. That is dreary work. But when the breeze springs up and the fog lifts and the Arctic sun comes out warm and bright, you will be amply repaid for your patience. You will bask in the sunshine with bare hands and head, and breathe the purest and most inspiring and "respirable" air in the world.

If you have decided upon Spitzbergen, land of romance and tragedy, and intimately connected with Arctic exploration for two hundred years, you should see its South Cape rising above the horizon by the 5th or 6th of July. Soon all the glories of Arctic scenery, mountains and glaciers glistening in the sunlight, will be spread out like a great panorama before you. You will live days of delight, of refreshing, cooling wonderment and pleasure. By the 10th you should be at the north-west point of Spitzbergen, where luckless Professor Andr  

made his ill-fated balloon ascension. That day or the next, should the ice conditions be favorable, you may trust your skipper to take you as far north as the eighty-first parallel. Thus in the short matter of three weeks you will have travelled from New York or Washington, or wherever it is you live, to within nine degrees or six hundred and thirty statute miles of the North Pole. You will then be much further north than Franklin or Kane ever got. You will be nearer the North Pole than Lieutenant Peary's headquarters for several years at Etah, Greenland. You will be one hundred and fifty miles or more north of Cape Sabine, which Peary now uses as a base and which was the scene of that dreadful tragedy to the Greely party in 1883. You will be seven hundred miles north of the most northerly part of Alaska. You will be within four hundred miles of the furthest north ever attained by man. But should you cast longing eyes toward the Pole and wish to continue your voyage toward the top of the earth, your skipper will shake his head when you speak to him about it. Here the royal road and the fast-and-easy journey come to an end. Every mile made beyond this limit is conquered in pain and danger. Better let well enough alone and turn round at the eighty-first parallel, provided the sea has kindly opened enough to permit you to get that far. Spitzbergen is worth visiting. There are glaciers to climb, and if you are lucky you will find some bears to shoot and

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND "TEDDY, JR." OFF FOR A RUN



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS ASSOCIATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

President Roosevelt and "Teddy, Jr.," as Washington calls the plucky young boy, are often seen together on horseback. Nothing pleases President Roosevelt quite so much as a brisk ride with some fence and ditch jumping in it. "Teddy, Jr."—as well as his sister, Miss Alice—inherits this taste for out-of-door life from his father. The brother and sister frequently ride to the hounds at Chevy Chase, near Washington, and, riding with the President when he took the French Commander-in-Chief, General Brugere, out for a canter, sat in their saddles like veterans while a terrific thunderstorm drenched them to the bone. "Teddy, Jr." has no fear of horses. In New York some time ago he was in a runaway and there was danger of an electric car crashing into the carriage. The boy "sat tight," and the crowd cheered his coolness before it became known that he was the President's son.

perhaps a herd or two of reindeer to chase. If your skipper can work your steamer up to the Seven Islands and along the coast of Northeast Land—and now and then there is a summer in which it can be done with safety—you are almost sure to find plenty of bear and a few reindeer in that region, so rarely visited by sportsmen.

Game is still more plentiful in Franz Josef Land, which lies far to the east of Spitzbergen. If you decide to go directly thither from Hammerfest it would be well not to start from that port before the 10th or 15th of July. The Barentz Sea, which you must cross, is usually incumbered with heavy drift ice during the first half of the month, and little is to be gained by an earlier start. You might take the first half of the month for a quick trip to Spitzbergen or to Nova Zembla, going on to Franz Josef Land a little later. At the worst, you can count upon reaching the shores of this Arctic archipelago, now so intimately connected with the work of recent and famous Arctic explorers, by the first of August. Now employ a fortnight in visiting the old camps of Jackson and Nansen, Leigh Smith, Baldwin and Wellman, all along the eightieth parallel, threading in and out of such of the fiords as chance to be free of ice, going ashore for sport and natural history exploration, and you may thus spend the most enjoyable two weeks of your lives. Having experienced Norwegian sailors with you, no great danger need be feared,

either from storms or ice-pressures. You might get into trouble; in an extremity your ship might be crushed, and of course it would be awkward for those of you who had business and professional engagements in the United States to be compelled to pass a winter up in that country, chafing out your souls during the one hundred and twenty-seven days without a glimpse of the sun. But the hazard is small, if you carefully obey the injunctions of your skipper and do not permit the fascinations of the scenery and the sport to detain you too long.

Ten days or two weeks should be the limit of your stay. All this time the sun will be so high in the heavens that you cannot distinguish the difference between day and night. Hence you may put in your time to good advantage. The sailors will show you how to kill ice-bear and walrus and seal, though the last-named are no sport. The ice-bear will give you a run for your money, particularly if you happen to get him in close quarters. If possible, take a good pack of dogs with you—bulldogs and other courageous beasts that are not afraid to bait a bear that can eat them alive if they do not keep out of its way. Do not forget your shotguns, for in July and August there are plenty of rotges, gulls and ducks nesting amid the rocks and feeding in the open waters. As for clothing, all you will need is such as you wear in America during the winter—good heavy woollen undergar-

ments, woolen suits, leather boots and mittens of wool also. Do not permit any one to work off upon you any rubbish in the line of furs.

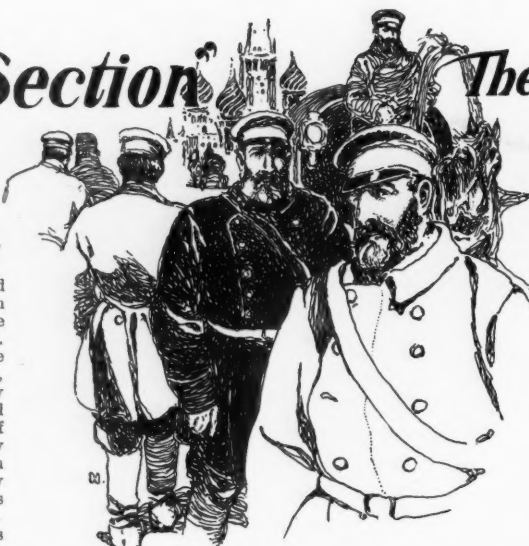
By the middle of August at the latest you should tell your skipper to point her nose for Norway. It would be hazardous to linger longer, though you might be sorely tempted by the appearance of open water to the northward to attempt to reach the site of the hut where Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen spent the long winter with no other food than that which their guns brought them; or the other hut near by where Paul Bjoervig of the Wellman party heroically slept for sixty days and nights by the side of his dead chum, Bert Bentzen, whom he had promised not to bury; or even the site of the camp, still further north, from which Captain Cagni of the Duke of Abruzzi's party started on his furthest north record-making trip.

By the 22d or 23d of August you should be at Hammerfest and aboard the "hurtig-rute" steamer for the south. The first days of September will find you again in London, and if you like you may easily be back at New York before the middle of that month, less than a quarter of a year away from your desks. If there are thirty of you, and you have managed things right, your summer excursion to the neighborhood of the North Pole need not have cost you more than twelve hundred dollars apiece.

"The Third Section"

By Josiah Flynt.

Author of "Powers that Prey," Etc.



The Russian Police

THE RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE, or the "Third Section," as they are euphemistically called in Russia, constitute in the popular mind the most mysterious institution of the kind in the world. Exaggerated stories about their method and work have been told and believed even in foreign police circles, and it is the notion of a great many people that they are invested with superhuman ability to detect and punish crime. So fearful are a number of persons of what they consider their arbitrary power, that they hesitate about setting foot within the empire in which the Secret Police hold sway, doubting whether they will ever be allowed to return to their own countries again.

The Chief of the Secret Service declares that this department of the police was instituted and is to-day in force in order to watch over men and women in the empire and out of it who have what the government is pleased to consider political intentions upon the Russians. This is as far as he will go in a conversation about the duties of his men. It has been my privilege to meet the Chief twice, the first time several years ago and the second time quite recently, and on each occasion it was impossible for me to inveigle him into a statement any more elaborate. He is one of the most polite men in the world, and talks quite freely about general subjects, but he is as silent as a stone wall when you ask him for detailed information concerning the Secret Service. On our second meeting I frankly confessed to him that I was in Russia for the purpose of learning all that I could about his department, and that I had called on him—well, I think that I said, to show him how innocent my intentions were. He seemed rather impressed with my frankness at first, and said: "Perhaps I can accommodate you; what is it that you want to know?"

I took a list of written questions out of my inside coat-pocket, and replied that what I wanted to ask was contained in the list.

"Go ahead," said the Chief, settling back in his chair, "and read them off."

"Number one," I said, "is this: When, why and how was the Secret Service of Russia organized?"

The Chief gave me a typical detective's look, cleared his throat, becoming somewhat red in the face during the process, finally smiled, and then said:

"Have you nothing easier than that, *Gospodinn*?"

"No; the rest are just as bad, if not worse."

"Well, under the circumstances, I think you might as well stop with that first question; the answer to the second part of it you know." Then he paused for a moment, and seemed to be in doubt as to what he should say, but he eventually declared that he was glad to have seen me again, hoped that my health would remain good, and gave me a peculiarly professional handshake which included a gentle but obvious hint that the doorway was mine if I felt inclined to go through it.

The visit to the Chief was a perfunctory performance, the result of which I foresaw before we had so much as exchanged greetings. I went to him because I wanted to have another look at his face—the countenances of the Powers that Rule and the Powers that Prey interest me in about the same way that a rare piece of old china or a valuable coin interests the professional collector—and out of curiosity to see what he would do with his face while I was putting my questions; I got, more or less, what I went for.

The purpose of the investigation in Russia was to learn if possible whether the mouthpiece, or the "squealer," as he is called in criminal life, is not at the bottom of most of the success of the Secret Police. I have never been able to believe that there was anything very mysterious in their work beyond the fact that they understand particularly well how to conceal their sources of information, and since getting acquainted with other police organizations I have been almost sure that they rely for most of their "tip offs" either on professional or occasional stool-pigeons. Concerning the romantic secrecy with which the Service has been surrounded there is this to be said: Russia itself is to the average person a secret. In many respects it reminds me of the United States, and there is but little more real secrecy about it, after the traveller has worn off a certain strange feeling that may be experienced in any foreign land, than there is here at home. There is a sham secrecy, however, from one end of the Russian Empire to the other, and I explain much of the mystery popularly attached to the Secret Service by this spurious article. Take a certain business man in Russia by way of example. He is as honest as can be in his private life, and is levied on right and left for contributions to charitable enterprises, but let him get mixed up in a business deal which involves the government at St. Petersburg, and he instinctively begins to climb back stairs in the buildings of various Ministries. He claims that he can do more business in an hour on the back stairs of such buildings than he can in a day seated with the Ministers in their private offices. He has been brought up to "engineer" things on the quiet, to grease the palms of under officials, and he invariably throws a veil of mystery over all his "government" transactions. There are thousands of successful men just like him in Russia, and every one of them wants you to believe that he accomplishes things in ways so wonderful and strange that it would really take him too long and involve too much risk to explain how he succeeds. Pure and simple corruption, in nine cases out of ten, is the truth of the whole matter. They don't like to use the word in Russia; they call it "Protection," "Influence," "Christmas and birthday presents," "For the sake of old times," and everything else but the real thing; and consequently there has grown up, even in connection with the business of the country, a miserable system of secrecy and prevarication. Corruption and bribery are popular means to an end in the Secret Service, and the men in this branch of the police department manipulate their corruption fund so skillfully and place their stool-pigeons so arbitrarily that even in Russia there is for all practical purposes as much

wonderment about this organization as there is abroad. In the United States there are a number of police and detective organizations which also hand out money for purposes of bribery, but not one of them has been able to envelop itself in the mystery behind which the Russian Secret Service does such simple things, and largely because a spade is called a spade in this Republic. If it were customary, on the other hand, for us to call a hundred-dollar bribe a "Christmas present," and the public would believe it, some of our police forces would before long have almost as big reputations as that of the Russian Secret Police.

All of the police of Russia, except the gendarmes, are under the control and direction of the Ministry of the Interior. The Minister is the chief of police of the empire; the Czar, however, being his theoretical superior. The gendarmes have a separate department of their own. Attached to the Ministry of the Interior is a body of officials who attend exclusively to supervision of police matters. The police in large towns have as their immediate chiefs the governors of the cities in which they are situated, but the general direction of police policy in all the cities is managed by the imperial authorities at the capital. Moscow and St. Petersburg are the only cities which have organized detective departments; the other towns rely on the regular police for detective ability, or, in special cases, send to St. Petersburg for expert investigators. The gendarmes attend to the country districts and the policing of the railroads.

In a sense the entire military of the country may also be reckoned with the police because they are called on for assistance on all occasions when the ordinary police are unequal to keeping order. The Cossacks are frequently used to scatter crowds and quell riotous disturbances.

The Secret Service is a sub-department of the Imperial police department at St. Petersburg, and it is directed by an official who works under the Minister's instructions. The gendarmes are the police officers who generally make the arrests which the spies and informants in the Secret Service have convinced the St. Petersburg authorities are necessary. The organization of this branch of the general service is about what the organization of a private detective agency is. First of all, it is a great depository of information, which is recorded, classified and filed. A political "suspect" is kept track of at the "Front Office" of the Secret Police in more or less the same way that the Pinkertons keep track of professional criminals. In the Pinkertons' office in Chicago you will find a chest of small drawers in which are envelopes containing photographs and written and printed items of information about the physical appearance, lines of "business," habits, peculiarities of "work," and last known whereabouts of all the criminal men, women and children that the directors of this agency think they are ever likely to have to know about. The Secret Police of Russia gather very similar information concerning all the men, women and children whom they have reason to believe, or think that they have, are plotting in one way or another against the Powers that Be or the cherished institutions by which the Powers that Be retain their power. It is not always as carefully noted down and as neatly taken care of in envelopes as at the Pinkertons' office, but there is probably more of it than will be found in the archives of any similar secret "intelligence" department in the world. There are well on toward one hundred and fifty million people in the Russian Empire alone which the Secret Service men have to keep their eyes on, and besides these there are the hundreds of millions in other countries who have to be watched in some measure. An assassin of the Czar is as likely to appear on the scene from England or America as from Russia, and if spies, trickery and force can keep him from completing his criminal plan the Secret Service men must gather him into their net before he fires the fatal bullet or throws the death-dealing bomb. They are the lookout in the "crow's-nest" that must see the dangers ahead, for if they fail there is no one above them to correct mistakes or arrest disaster. They must also do secret "international" work. Perhaps it is to the interests of the government to buy some information from a clerk in the War Office in London, Paris or Berlin. If necessary, the Secret Police are called in to close the deal. Again, it may suit the government's purposes to have some "queer work" attended to in the scattering of false news about Afghanistan, Mongolia or China. If the enterprise falls within the scope of the Secret Police, scatter the false news they must somehow. Still again, a report may be desired in regard to the conversations that take place in a certain ambassador's home in a foreign city; if it is deemed best to turn the matter over to the Secret Police one of them must try to inveigle himself into the ambassador's household in the character of a servant.

At least, these are all theoretical duties of the men and women who identify themselves as spies with the Third Section. In many cases they do nothing more than what any clever and trusted employé of a private detective agency must try to do; they have made their big reputation mainly because they are so seldom found out. When a stranger is taken through the Pinkerton building in Chicago he is

practically never allowed to look into the rooms where the detectives are sitting, the idea being that the faces of the "operatives" must not be seen. It is a cautious procedure, but what spoils it, from the Russian Secret Service point of view, is that a certain number of people eventually learn that certain men are regularly employed by the Pinkertons as detectives. Furthermore, the Pinkerton man frequently has to "uncover" to the general police while on an assignment. The Russian Secret Service spy never voluntarily uncovers, and if by any chance he is forcibly uncovered he is simply disowned by his superiors at headquarters; they know nothing about him, never have, and hope that they never will. If he has to die for his conduct—all which may have been outlined for him by his superiors—it does not matter; indeed, his superiors will be a little relieved, because dead men have to stop talking.

A natural query is, What kind of man and woman is it that voluntarily undertakes work so miserably rewarded? There are different answers to this question in Russia. Some say that a number of the spies are actuated largely by patriotic motives, that they go into the service out of love of country, as others volunteer in the army. There are also those who declare that money pure and simple is the attraction which draws the majority of the operatives. It is idle to attempt to decide which statement has the more truth in it; the probability is that both motives are at work, and in subtle ways which are past finding out. This much, however, is known: they come from all classes of society and from all nationalities. From Pekin to Washington, either way around that you like, men and women have been exploited by the Russian Secret Service, and are probably to-day still being exploited. The same may be said of certain detective agencies, but their work is of a very different nature.

Take a walk almost any day in the Neffsky Prospect in St. Petersburg, the Unter den Linden in Berlin, Piccadilly in London, or Broadway in New York City, and you run chances of bumping up against some representative, direct or indirect, of the St. Petersburg secret Front Office. One day he will be a *kniaz* (prince), and you may possibly meet him in fashionable drawing-rooms; the next operative may turn out to be your butler or coachman. Some years ago the Secret Police became interested in the affairs of a lady living in St. Petersburg, and they determined to watch her. It took her five years to discover their method. One day a friend was calling at her house, and, on seeing one of the maids, notified her hostess that the maid was an agent of the Secret Police.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the hostess. "Why, Katya has been with me for years, and I know her absolutely."

"You may know her absolutely or not," was the reply, "but I tell you that she's a spy, that she speaks and understands English, and reports to the police everything that you do."

It was finally decided that the maid should be tested, and a good opportunity presented itself in the fact that some silver had been stolen from the house in which the maid worked. One afternoon her mistress was talking about the theft with a neighbor who had been let into the secret, and, raising her voice, so that the maid, who was in the next room, could hear, she said in English: "I wonder if Katya could have done it."

The ruse succeeded splendidly. Katya rushed into the room, her face flushed and her eyes full of anger, and said, also in English: "Madam, I want you to understand that I am not a thief."

"But Katya," her mistress replied with pretended astonishment, "I thought you could speak only Russian. How does this come?"

"Well, you have discovered me all right enough," snarled the maid-spy, "and I shall of course leave, but you will please remember that I am no pilferer."

The sources of information of the Secret Service constitute its most remarkable feature as a detective organization. There is probably not another police department in the world which has so many wires that it can pull when it wants statements both true and false. Practically every representative of the Russian Government down to the most insignificant *dvornik* is a contributor to the "news" department of the Secret Service. (A *dvornik* is what we would call the porter, or "gatekeeper" of a house, but before he can be employed he must be acceptable to the police of the district in which the house is situated, and can be called on for police duty on special occasions.) Take a consul in the Far East. His reports go to the consular branch of the diplomatic service, but if there is anything in them which it is thought the Secret Police ought to know or investigate, the consul's statement, or rather that part of it which concerns the Secret Police, is turned over to them. The same is true of the War Office, the Ministry of Education, Ways of Communication, and all the other Ministries. In Washington there is also a Secret Service, and, as in Russia, matters which come within its jurisdiction are turned over to it; but the striking difference between the American and the Russian Secret Police is that the matters which the former have to attend to bear about the same relation to those which busy the Russian organization as do the police affairs of one of our small inland towns to the complex police life of New York City. Another important difference is that the Washington men—I use the word Washington now merely to distinguish between the two types of detectives—are more or less "regulars," i.e. they become known as "Treasury operatives," "Secret Service men," etc., etc. I have met some of them myself. A Russian Secret Service agent, on the other hand, for twelve months out of the year, may be nothing more than a clerk, a farmer or a trainman on the railroad, and may receive no remuneration from the authorities in St. Petersburg. During the next twelve months, however, if he has any valuable information to sell, St. Petersburg hears of it, and pays for it in some way that is satisfactory to the spy.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)



THE CELLARS OF RUEDA

By "Q" (A. T. QUILLER-COUCH), Author of "The Ship of Stars," Etc.

IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS FOGARTY

This story is taken from the Memoirs of Manuel McNeill, an agent in the secret service of the Allies during the Peninsular campaigns



SYNOPSIS OF PART ONE

Manuel McNeill, a scout in Lord Wellington's army during the campaign of 1812 in Spain, while resting one afternoon spies two tipsy British grenadiers, with a drunken Frenchman between them, emerging from one of the many caves which honeycomb the rock of Rueda. A whim prompts McNeill to enter this particular cave. Inside he stumbles upon a man, apparently a priest. They converse and the latter reveals that he is in search of McNeill, a scout, whose kinsman, Captain Alan McNeill, lies desperately ill in the bowels of Rueda. The scout declares his identity, but doubts the story, for he had thought his relative dead. Nevertheless he follows the priest-like stranger through the winding cellars of Rueda until they reach a chamber wherein his sick kinsman lies on a bed of straw.

II.—Captain McNeill's Adventures

"BUT how on earth came you here?" was the unspoken question in the eyes of both of us; and, each reading the reflection of his own, we broke out together into a laugh—though my kinsman's was all but inaudible, and after it he lay back on his pillow (an old knapsack) and panted. "My story must needs be the shorter," said I: "so let us have it over and get it out of the way. I come from watching Caffarelli in the north, and for the last four days have been taking a holiday and twiddling my fingers in camp here, just across the Zapardiel. Happening, this afternoon, to stroll to this amazing rock, I fell in with the reverend father here, and most incautiously told him my name; since which he has been leading me a dance which may or may not have turned my hair gray."

"The reverend father?" echoed Captain Alan.

"He has not," said I, turning upon my guide, who stood apart with a baffling smile, "as yet done me the honor to reciprocate my weak confidences."

Captain Alan, too, stared at him. "Are you a priest, sir?" he demanded.

He was answered by a bow. "You didn't know it?" cried I. "It's the one thing he has allowed me to discover."

"But I understood that you were a scholar, sir."

"The two callings are not incompatible, I hope?"

"—Of the University of Salamanca: a doctor, too. My memory is yet weak, but surely I had it from your own lips that you were a doctor?"

"—Of Moral Philosophy," the old man answered with another bow. "Of the College of the Conception—now alas! destroyed."

"The care with which you have tended me, sir, has helped my mistake; and now my gratitude for it must help my apologies. I fear I have, from time to time, allowed my tongue to take many liberties with your profession."

"You have, to be sure, been somewhat hard with us."

"My prejudice is an honest one, sir."

"Of that there can be no possible doubt."

"But it must frequently have pained you."

"Not the least in the world," the old doctor assured him, almost with *bonhomie*.

"Besides, you were suffering from sunstroke."

My kinsman eyed him; and—I could have laughed to watch it—that gaze betrayed a faint expiring hope that, after all, his diatribes against the Scarlet Woman had shaken the doctor—upon whom (I need scarcely say) they had produced about as much effect as upon the rock of Rueda itself. And I think that, though regretfully, he must at length have realized this; for he sank back on the pillow again with a gentle weariness in every line of his Don Quixote face.

"Ah, yes, from sunstroke. My cousin"—here he turned toward me—"this gentleman—or, as I suppose I must now learn to call him, this most reverend Doctor of Philosophy, Gil Gonsalvez de Covadonga—found me, some days ago, stretched unconscious beside the high-road to Tordesillas, and in two ways has saved my life: first, by conveying me to this hiding-place—for the whole terrain was occupied by Marmont's troops, and I lay there in my scarlet tunic, a wind-fall for the first French patrol that might pass; and, secondly, by nursing me through delirium back to health of mind and strength of body."

"The latter has yet to come, señor capitano," the doctor interposed.

And I: "My cousin, your distaste for disguise will yet be the death of you. But tell me, what were you doing in this neighborhood?"

"Why, watching Marmont, to be sure, as my orders were."

"Your orders? You don't mean to tell me that Lord Wellington knows of your return?"

"I reported myself to him on the 19th of last month in the camp on San Cristoval: he gave me my directions that same evening."

"But heavens!" I cried, "it is barely a week ago that I returned from the north and had an hour's interview with him;

and he never mentioned your name, though aware (as he must be) that no news in the world could give me more joy."

"Is that so, cousin?" He gazed at me earnestly and wistfully, as I thought.

"You know it is so," I answered, turning my face away that he might not see my emotion.

"As for Lord Wellington's silence," Captain Alan went on, after some moments of silence, "he has a great capacity for it, as you know; and perhaps he has persuaded himself that we work better apart. Our later performances in and around Sabugal might well excuse that belief."

"But now I suppose you have some message for him. Is it urgent? Or will you satisfy me first how you came here—you, whom I left a prisoner, on the road to Bayonne, and, as I desperately thought, to execution?"

"There is no message, for I broke down before my work had well recommenced; and Wellington knows of my illness and my whereabouts, so there is no urgency."

He glanced at the doctor, and so did I. "The reverend father's behavior assuredly suggested urgency," I said.

"And was there none?" asked the old man quietly. "You sons of war chase the oldest of human illusions: to you nothing is of moment but the impact of brutal forces or the earthly cunning which arrays and moves them. To me all this is less hateful than contemptible, in moment not comparable with the joy of a single human soul. Believe me, my sons, although the French have destroyed my peerless university—*fortis Salamantina, ara sapientie*—I were less eager to hurry God's avenging hand on them than to bring together two souls which in the pure joy of meeting soar for a moment to-

comedy of errors, the Duke of Ragusa captured my kinsman here, and held him to account for some escapade of mine of which, as a matter of fact, he had no knowledge whatever. You follow me?"

The doctor nodded gravely.

"Well, Marmont showed no vindictiveness, but said in effect, 'You have done, sir, much damage to our arms, and without stretching a point I might have you hanged for a spy. I shall, however, treat you leniently, and send you to France into safe keeping, merely exacting your promise that you will not consent to be released by any of the *partidas* on the journey through Spain.' My cousin might have answered that he had never done an hour's scouting in his life save in the uniform of a British officer, and nothing whatever to deserve the death of a spy. Suspecting, however, that I might be mixed up in the business, he gave his parole and set out for the frontier under guard of a young cavalry officer and one trooper."

"Meanwhile I had word of his capture; and, knowing nothing of this parole, I posted to Lord Wellington, obtained a bond for twelve thousand francs, payable for my kinsman's rescue, sought out the guerilla chief Mina, borrowed two men on Wellington's bond—the scoundrel would lend no more—and actually brought off the rescue at Beasain, a few miles on this side of the frontier. One of our shots broke the young officer's sword arm, the trooper was pitched from his horse and stunned, and behold! my kinsman in our hands, safe and sound."

"It was then, reverend father, that I first heard of his parole. He informed me of it, and, while thanking me for my succor, refused to accept it. 'Very well done,' say you as a doctor of morality."

But meanwhile I was searching the young officer, and, finding a letter upon him from the Duke of Ragusa, broke the seal. 'Not so well done,' say you; but, again, wait a moment. This letter was addressed to the Governor of Bayonne, and gave orders that Captain McNeill, as a spy and a dangerous man, should be forwarded to Paris in irons. There was also a hint that a request for his execution might accompany him to Paris. And this was a prisoner who, on promise of clemency, had given his parole! Now what, in your opinion, was a fair course for our friend here on proof of this dirty treachery?"

"We will reserve this as Question Number 2," answered the doctor gravely, "and proceed with the narrative, which (I opine) goes on to say that Captain McNeill preferred his oath to the excuse for considering it annulled, collected his escort, shook hands with you, and went forward to his fate."

"A man must save his soul," Captain McNeill explained modestly.

"You are to me, sir, a heretic (pardon my saying it), which prevents me from taking as cheerful a view as I could wish concerning your soul. But assuredly you saved your honor."

"Well, I hope so," the captain answered, picking up the story; "but really in the sequel I had to take some decisions which, obvious as they seemed at the time, have since caused me grave searchings of heart, and upon which I shall be grateful for your opinion."

"Am I appealed to as a priest?"

"Most certainly not, but as a professor—a title for which, by the way, we have in Scotland an extraordinary reverence. I

rode on, sir, with my escort, and that night we reached Tolosa, where the young lieutenant—his name was Gerard—found a surgeon to set his bone. He suffered considerable pain, yet insisted, next morning, upon proceeding with me. I imagine his motives to have been mixed, but please myself with thinking that a latent desire to serve me made one of them. On the other hand, the seal of Marmont's letter had been broken in his keeping; a serious matter for a young officer, and one which he would naturally desire to defer explaining. At Tolosa he accounted for his wound by some tale of brigands and a chance shot at long range. On the morrow he rode past San Sabatien, and crossed the ferry from Fuentarrabia to Hendaye. We were now on French soil. Throughout the morning he had spoken little, and I too had preferred my own thoughts. But now, as we broke our fast and cracked a bottle together at the first tavern on the French shore, I opened fire by asking him if he yet carried the marshal's letter with the broken seal. 'To be sure,' said he. 'And what will you do with it?' I went on. 'Why, deliver it, I suppose, to the Governor of Bayonne, to whom it is addressed.' 'And, when asked to account for the broken seal, you will tell him the exact truth about it and the rescue?' 'I must,' he answered; 'and I hope my report will help you, sir. It will not be my fault if it does not.' 'You are an excellent fellow,' said I; 'but it will help me little. You do not know the contents of that letter as I do—not willingly, but because it was read aloud in my presence by the man who opened it.' And before he could remonstrate, I had told him its purport. Now, sir, that was not quite fair to the young man, and I am not sure that it was strictly honorable."

Captain McNeill paused with a question in his voice.



"How on earth came you here?"

gether and, fraternizing, forget this world. Nay, deny it not; for I saw it, standing by. Least of all be ashamed of it."

"I am not sure that I understand you, holy father," I answered. "But you have done us a true service, and shall be rewarded by a confession—from a stubborn heretic, too." I glanced at Captain Alan mischievously.

My kinsman put up a hand in protest.

"Oh, I will prepare the way for you," said I; "and by and by you will be astonished to find how easy it comes." I turned to the Doctor Gonsalvez. "You must know then, my father, that the captain and I, though we follow the same business, and with degrees of success we are too amiable to dispute about, yet employ very different methods. He, for instance, scorns disguises, while I pride myself upon mine. And, by the way, as a professor of moral philosophy, you are doubtless used to deciding questions of casuistry?"

"For twenty years, more or less, I have presided at the public disputations in the Sala del Claustro of our university."

"Then perhaps you will resolve me the moral difference between hiding in a truss of hay and hiding under a wig? For, in faith, I can see none."

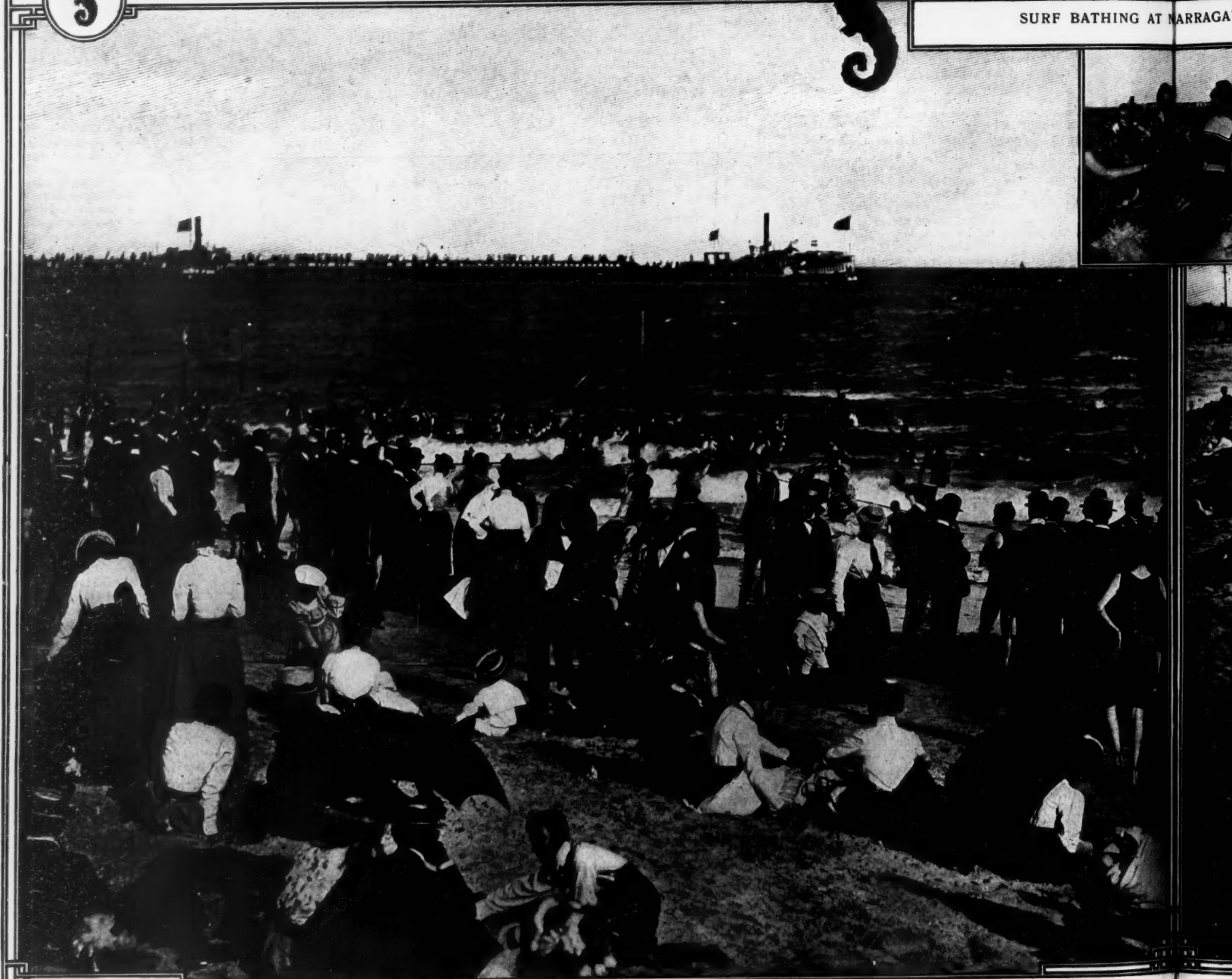
"That is a matter for the private conscience," broke in Captain Alan.

"Pardon me," suggested the doctor; "you promised me a narrative, I believe."

"We'll proceed, then. Our methods—this, at least, is important—were different, which made it the more distressing that the similarity of our names confused us in our enemies' minds, who grossly mistook us for one and the same person, which not only humiliated us as artists, but ended in positive inconvenience. At Sabugal, in April last, after a bewildering



SURF BATHING AT MARRAGA



Photograph by James H. Hare

ALONG THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND—THE MOST POPULAR PEOPLE'S RESORT IN THE WORLD

HOLIDAY TIME AT THREE FAMOU



HING AT MARRAGANSETT PIER



ALONG THE BOARDWALK AT ASBURY PARK—AN EMINENTLY PROPER, AND POPULAR, JERSEY COAST RESORT

Photograph by Byron, New York

MOUS EASTERN SEASIDE RESORTS

"Proceed, sir," said the doctor; "I reserve this as Question Number 3, remarking only that the young man owed you something for having saved his life."

"Just so; and that is where the unfairness came in. He was inexpressibly shocked. 'Why,' he cried, 'the Marshal had put you under parole!' 'So far as the frontier,' said I. 'The promise upon which I swore was that I would not consent to be released by the *partidas* on my journey through Spain. Once in France, I could not escape his vengeance. Now, for this very reason I have a right to interpret my promise strictly, and I consider that during the past half hour my parole has expired.' 'I cannot deny it,' he allowed, and took a pace or two up and down the room, then halted in front of me. 'You would suggest, sir, that since this letter was taken from me by the *partidas*, and you and I alone know that it was restored, I owe you the favor of suppressing it.' 'Good heavens! my young friend,' I exclaimed, 'I suggest nothing of the sort. I may ask you to risk for my sake a professional ambition which is very dear to you, but certainly not to imperil your young soul by a falsehood. No, sir, if you will deliver me to the Governor of Bayonne as a prisoner on honorable parole—which I will renew here and extend to the gates of that city only—and will then request an interview for the purpose of delivering your letter and explaining how the seal came to be broken, with Joly—this was the trooper—for witness, if necessary, you will gain me all the time I hope to need.' 'That will be little enough,' said he. 'I must make the most of it; and we must manage to time our arrival for the evening, when the Governor will either be supping or at the theatre, that the delay, if possible, may be of his creating.' 'I owe you more than this,' said the ingenious youth. 'And I, sir, am even ashamed of myself for asking so much.'

"Well, so we contrived it; entered Bayonne at nightfall, presented ourselves at the Citadel, and were, to our inexpressible joy, received by the Deputy-Governor, who heard the lieutenant's report, and indorsed the false paper of parole which Marmont had given me, and which, in fact, had now expired. The fatal letter Lieutenant Gerard kept in his pocket, while demanding an interview with the Governor himself. This (he was told) could not be granted until the morning—the Governor was entertaining that night—and with a well-feigned reluctance he saluted and withdrew. Outside the Deputy's door we parted without a word, and at the Citadel gate, having shown my pass, which left me free to seek lodgings in the city, I halted, and under the sentry's nose dropped a note into the Governor's letter-box. I had written it at Hendaye, and addressed it to the Duke of Ragusa; and it ran:

"MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL.—I send this under cover of the Governor from the city of Bayonne, out of which I hope to escape to-night, having come so far in obedience to my word, which appears to be more sacred than that of a Marshal of France. My escort having been overpowered between Vittoria and Tolosa, I declined the rescue offered me, but not before your letter to the Governor had been broken open and its contents read in my presence. This letter also I saw restored to its bearer, who during its perusal lay unconscious of a severe and painful wound in his sword arm. I beg to assure you that he has behaved in all respects as a gentleman of courage and honor; and, conceiving that you owe me some reparation, I shall rely on you that his prospects as a soldier are not in any way compromised by the miscarriage of your benevolent plans concerning me."

I laughed aloud, and even the doctor relaxed his features. "Bravo, kinsman!" said I. "If Marmont hates one thing more than another it's to see his majestic image diminished in the looking-glass. But—faith!—I'd have kept that letter in my pocket until I was many miles south of Bayonne."

"South? You don't suppose I had any intention of escaping toward the Pyrennees? Why, my dear fellow, that's the very direction in which they were bound to search."

"Oh, very well," said I—a trifled nettled, I will confess—"perhaps you preferred Paris?"

"Precisely," was the cool answer, "I preferred Paris; and having but an hour or two to spare before the hotels closed, I at once inquired at the chief hotels if any French officer were starting that night for the capital. The first-named, if I remember, the 'Hotel du Sud,' I drew blank. At the second, the 'Trois Couronnes,' I was informed that a chaise and four had been ordered by no less a man than General Sonham, who would start that night as soon as he returned from supping with the Governor. I waited: the general arrived a few minutes before ten o'clock. I introduced myself—"

"General Sonham!" I groaned. "Reverend father, I have not yet tasted the wine of Rueda: it appears to me its fumes are strong enough. He tells me he introduced himself to General Sonham!"

"—And, I assure you, found him excellent company. We travelled three in the chaise—the general, his aide-de-camp, and your fortunate kinsman. A second chaise followed with the general's baggage. He and the aide-de-camp at times beguiled the road with a game of piquet; for myself I disapproved of cards."

"Doubtless you told them so at an early stage?" I suggested with a last effort at irony.

"I was obliged to, seeing that the general offered me a hand; but I did not, I hope, adopt a tone inconsistent with good fellowship. We travelled through to Paris, with a few

hours' break at Orleans—an opportunity which I seized to purchase a suit of clothes more congruous than my uniform with the part I had to play in Paris. I had ventured to ask General Sonham's advice, and he assured me that a British officer, though a prisoner on parole, might incur some risk from the Parisian mob by wearing his uniform in public."

"Cousin," said I, "henceforth pursue your tale without interruption. There was a time when in my folly I presumed to criticize your methods. I apologize."

"On leaving the tailor's shop I was accosted by a wretched creature who had seen me alight from the chaise in his Majesty's uniform, and had followed, but did not venture to introduce himself until I emerged in a less compromising garb. He was, it appeared, a British agent, and a traitor to his own country; and I gathered that a part of his dirty trade lay in assisting British prisoners to break their parole. He assumed that I travelled on parole, and insinuated that I might have occasion to break it; and with all the will in the world to break his head, I let the mistake and suspicion pass. For a napoleon I received the address of a Parisian agent in the Rue Carcassonne, whose name I will confide to you, in case you should ever require his services. For truly, although I had some difficulty in persuading him that I broke no faith in seeking to escape from France (a point on which self-respect obliged me to insist, though he himself treated it with irritating indifference), this agent proved a zealous fellow and served me well."

"He fell in, too, with my proposals, complimented me on their boldness, and advanced me money to further them. I took a lodging *au troisième* in the Faubourg St. Honoré, and for a fortnight walked Paris without an attempt at concealment, frequenting the cafés, and spending my evenings at the theatre. Once or twice I encountered Sonham himself, with whom I had parted on the friendliest terms; but he did not choose to recognize me—perhaps he had his good-natured suspicions. At any rate I went unchallenged, though walking all the while on a razor's edge. I had reckoned on two fair chances in my favor. There was a chance that the Governor of Bayonne, on finding himself tricked, would for his own security suppress Marmont's letter, hoping that the affair would pass without inquiry; and there was the further chance that Marmont himself, on receipt of my note, would remember the magnanimity which (to do him justice) he usually has at call, and give orders calling off the pursuit. At any rate I spent a fortnight in Paris, and no man questioned or troubled me."

"On the same morning that I paid my second weekly bill, the agent called on me with a capital plan of escape, which (being a facetious fellow) he announced as follows: 'I wish you good-morning, Mr. Buck,' he began. 'Sir,' I answered, 'I have no claim to such a designation. My pleasures in Paris have been entirely respectable, and I dislike familiarity.' 'Mr. Jonathan Buck, I should have said.' 'Sir,' I corrected him, 'if your clients are so numerous that you confuse their names, I must remind you that mine is McNeill.' 'Pardon me,' he replied; 'you have this morning inherited that of an American citizen who died suddenly last evening in an obscure lodging near the Barrière de Pantin; and, in addition, a passport now waiting for him at the Foreign Office, if you have the courage to claim it. You resemble the deceased sufficiently to answer a passport's description: and if you secure it, I advise a speedy departure, with Nantes for your objective.' Accordingly that same evening I left Paris for the Loire."

"You had the coolness to apply for that passport?"

"—And the good fortune to obtain it. If anything, my dear fellow, deserves the degree of astonishment your face expresses it should rather be my consenting to use disguise, and so breaking through a self-denying ordinance on which you have sometimes rallied me. Suspense—the danger from Bayonne hourly anticipated—had perhaps shaken my nerves. At any rate I travelled to Nantes as Mr. Jonathan Buck, and in that name took passage in a vessel bound for Philadelphia and on the point (as I understood) of lifting anchor."

"I slept that night on board the 'Minnie Dwight'—this was the vessel's name—in full hope that my troubles were at an end. But next morning her captain came to me with a long face, and a report that some hitch had occurred between him and the port authorities over his clearing papers. 'And how long will this detain us?' I asked, cutting short an explanation too technical for my understanding. He answered that he had been to his consul to protest, but could promise nothing short of a week's delay."

"Well, I saw nothing for it but to shut the cabin door, make a clean breast of my fears, and desire him to help me in devising some new plan. He was a good fellow, and ingenious too, for after he had dashed up my hopes with the news that a similar embargo lay on all foreign ships in the port, his face cleared, and said he: 'There's no help for it, but you must play the sea-lawyer and I the brutal tyrant. It's hard, too, upon a man who treats his crew like his own children and victuals his ship like an eating-house; but a seaman's rig and forty dollars is all you need, and with this you'll fare off to the American Consul's and swear that I've made life a burden to you.' 'Why forty dollars?' I asked. He winked. 'That's earnest money that when you reach the United States you'll have the law of me for ill-usage.' 'And what shall I get in exchange?' 'You will get a certificate enabling you to pass from port as a discharged sailor seeking a ship.' To cut my story short, I agreed, climbed down the ship's side in my new rig, waved an affecting farewell to my

benevolent tyrant, and sought the American Consul, who (it seemed) was used to discontented seamen. At any rate he accepted without suspicion his share in the dishonoring comedy, took my forty dollars, and made out my certificate."

Here the captain glanced at Doctor Gonsalves, who blinked. Said I: "Even a Protestant must sometimes understand the relief of confession."

"Armed with this," he went on, "I made my way to the mouth of the Loire to St. Nazaire, between which and Le Croisic lies a small island, where in the present weakness of the French marine English ships of war are suffered to water unmolested. For ten napoleons I bribed an old fisherman to row me out at night to this island, which we reached at day-break, and to our dismay found the anchorage empty. We cast our nets, however, for a blind, and taking a few fish on our way, worked slowly down to the southwest, where my comrade (and a faithful one he proved) had heard reports of an English frigate nosing about the coast. Sure enough, between breakfast and noon we caught sight of her topmasts; but to reach her we must pass in full view and almost within point-blank range of a coast battery. We were scarcely abreast of it when a round-shot plumped into the sea ahead of us and brought us to, and almost at once a boatful of soldiers put off to board us."

"Their object, it turned out, was merely to warn us not to pass the battery, or the chances were five to one that the Englishman would capture us. In no way discomfited, my friend maintained that we (he passed me off as his son) must either fish or starve; that we had come a long distance, knew every inch of the coast, and ran no danger. He backed this up by bribing the soldiers with our whole morning's catch, and in the end they contented themselves by insisting that we should wait under the battery until nightfall and so depart. And this we did, but in the meanwhile, pretending our anxiety to avoid her, we cross-questioned the soldiers so precisely on the Englishman's bearings that when darkness fell and we slipped our anchor, we ran straight down on her without the slightest difficulty. She was the *Agile* sloop of 24 guns, and from her deck I waved good-by to the fisherman, scarcely more delighted by my safety than he by his napoleons, which in my gratitude I had raised to fifteen."

"The *Agile* landed me in Plymouth without mishap; and so end my adventures. I ought to add, however, that, though my own conscience held no reproach for my trick upon Marmont, I sought and obtained permission from the War Office to select a prisoner of my own rank and exchange him with France; and with him I sent a precise account which will afford some amusement to the Duke of Ragusa's enemies if he happen to have any at headquarters. You, my cousin, will doubtless consider this mere supererogation, but I should be glad of the reverend doctor's opinion."

"We will reserve this," said the doctor, "as Question Number 5."

"And you promptly reshipped for Lisbon, followed the army to Salamanca, and resumed your work?" said I.

"Even so; but I suspect that these adventures have rattled me. I am not the man I was; else I had not succumbed so easily to a mere *coup de soliel*. Will the reverend doctor complete the narrative by describing how he found me?"

"In a ditch," said the reverend doctor placidly. "My college was destroyed; my beloved Salamanca in ruins. 'To a philosopher,' said I, 'all the world is a home, but especially such wine vaults as there are in Rueda.' I saddled, therefore, my mule; loaded her with a very few books and still fewer sticks of furniture; more frugal even than Juvenal's friend Umbricius, '*cui tota domus reda compositus una*.' On my road, and almost under the shadow of this rock, my mule shies in the most ladylike fashion at sight of a redcoat prostrate in the dust. The rest you can guess; but assuredly I did not guess at the time that I had happened on one whose story will—if ever God restores me to my university—so illustrate my lectures as to make them appear that which they will not be—an entirely new set of compositions."

"Well," said I, "the hour is late; and, however cheerfully you men of conscience and of casuistry may look forward to spending the night in these caves, I have seen enough, and have enough imagination at the back of it to desire nothing so little."—"I will escort you," said the doctor.

"That was implied," I answered; and after shaking hands with my kinsman and promising to visit him on the morrow, I suffered myself to be guided back along the horrible passages. On the way the Doctor Gonsalves paused more than once to chuckle, and at each remove I found this indulgence more uncanny."

In the great cellar we came upon the sergeant of the 36th still slumbering. I stirred him with my foot, and, sitting up, he amicably invited us to join him in a drink. I did so, the doctor drawing it from the spigot into a pail.

"Might be worse?" hiccupped the sergeant, watching me.

I agreed that it might be a great deal worse. Between us we steered him out, through the tunnel, along the ledge, and so to the archway under which Venus sparkled in the purple heaven. Here the doctor bade us good-night, and left me to steer my drunkard down the cliff. At the foot he shook hands with me in a fervor of tipsy gratitude; and I returned the grasp with an *empressment*, a passion almost, the exact grounds of which (unless he should happen to read these lines, and remember the circumstances—contingencies which perhaps are equally unlikely) he will certainly never know.

(THE END)

THE CICADA BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

SHRILL cicada, violining
In the fervent heart of noon,
Through your tense persistence winning
Something kindred to a tune
From your cracked and ancient viol,
Leafage hid beyond espial;—

Just a word with you, musician,
Happy herald of the heat;
There's the lure of a magician
In the burden you repeat;
'Tis a strain that wakes for me an
Old refrain Theocritean.

With your raucous chorus blended,
Drowsing, do I seem to hear
Reedy notes from newly mended
Pipes up-floating cool and clear;
Notes that gather richer, riper,
With the fancy of the piper;

Just a brown-limbed shepherd playing
In some deep Sicilian glade,
Where the lime and myrtle spraying
Cast the glamour of their shade;
Just a brown-limbed shepherd voicing
Passion—and a heart's rejoicing!

Only this—and as elusive
As a dream before the dawn;
Yet insistent and intrusive,
Finely keyed and raptly drawn;
Fainting, and yet still returning;
Elemental in its yearning.

So, cicada, violining
Ceaseless in the heart of noon,
I am patient with your dinning,
Since you bear to me this boon;—
I know love, despite the sages,
Breathes undying down the ages!

FREE SEASIDE OUTINGS FOR THE POOR

WITH each recurrent summer the metropolis proves anew its enlarging thought for the poor and their hardship during the sultry weeks. Out of the town's abundance the work of relief takes ever a broader scope. As yet it proceeds in greatest measure on the line of old-fashioned private philanthropy, giving only latent comfort to the apostles of new public ideals. It is now possible for a mother of the tenement world to escape with her children to the seaside for a week's outing at no cost whatever. This is the climax of the open-air service rendered by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. The free hostelry is on Coney Island—that most famous resort of the people—at a point of the beach within earshot of, but somewhat apart from, the din and hurly-burly of this wonderful playground of New York's millions. Near by stand other retreats to which the poor may repair, but for a shorter outing.

The one where they may stay for a whole delightful week is the most spacious of all. It is no mere shed thrown up rudely, but a well-built, roomy establishment made on the plan of the modern seaside hotel. There are large dining-halls, with snowy table linen and high-chairs for the babies, verandas with hammocks, swings and easy-chairs.

The main building, where the bedrooms are, is fitted with sanitary plumbing and conveniences of the best type—the sort expected by people who are prepared to have their pocket-books flattened by smiling landlords. It is the glory of philanthropy of the smart kind that what it does to-day it does well. Charity that breaks the heart and wears the flesh is becoming unfashionable. Signs promise that it must go to join the doctrine of Hades for babies and other notions of the bad old times.

There is a covered pavilion, where the guests spend most of the precious term with their children. It is planted well out on the sand. Heavy piling, upon which it rests, serves to protect it as well against the storms and high tides which in winter supply the daily newspapers with an occasional Coney Island story. Open-work inclosures extend on all four sides, so that it is forever swept by the salt airs. The guests are gathered from the tenement region. As a rule, the women are in their second youth, though some of the mothers are much younger. The children range from boys and girls well on in years to infants scarcely a week old. They are brought down from the city by steamboat or trolley on Saturday morning and returned the following Saturday without a cent of expenditure on their part. The same is true of those who come for a stay of a day or two.

Doctors whose practice takes them among the tenement poor are supplied with tickets that entitle the holders to the benefits of the Home. They give out these tickets where, in their judgment, they are most needed. From the look of the guests on their arrival it is plain that no mistake is made as to their need of pure air, sunshine and sea breeze. To the student they present an object lesson in the blighting effect of one of civilization's biggest weeds—the tenement-house evil in great cities. Young or old, they all bear the scars of their battle with poverty. The children, clad often in rags, are stolid and smileless, and the reproach of poisoned nature looks out of their dull eyes. Their mothers bear the cachet of grinding toil and a withering struggle for existence. Not all are so conditioned. Some are decently clothed and have no trace of the hunted look that is common to many.

Upon their arrival they are met with an encouraging welcome from the staff of women who devote themselves to this noble work. With a few kind words they are put at their ease and made to understand that, if they will, it is theirs to enjoy a week of freedom from accustomed anxieties. The effect of their new environment is instant. The sick and ailing are taken in hand by physicians who know this class of patients; they are ably assisted by those skilful doctors, pure air and peace of mind, and quickly their charges put on a look of health. Tempers are sweetened, and mothers lose that cross tone which children of the slums imbibe, and which robs their play of childish glee. The boys and girls, amid the beauty of the blue ocean and the open sky, are swiftly transformed by nature's harlequin into singing, dancing sprites of a light-hearted world.

In the first hour of their guests' advent the staff of the home are very busy. Few of the newcomers know where to go or what to do. They are like people dropped from a magic carpet into a garden of Elysium. No work to do, no rent-collector's knock to dread, their food a certainty for a whole luxurious week! The song of the breakers in their ears instead of the inarticulate murmur of the slums! Small wonder that they stand bewildered.

The healthy and active youngsters are sent to frolic on the sand. In a twinkling they are lost in the ecstasy of cellar digging and the erection of white tenement houses. The mothers and babies are despatched to the veranda or beach. It is on the veranda that they spend the better part of their Arcadian seven days.

Their little bald-headed tyrants are exacting of attention, but the women have plenty of time to look upon the sunlit sea or the moving panorama of the firmament. By only a few may the noblest paintings of man be seen and known, but the pictures of the sky are for all. One day I watched these poor mothers, and their faces told me that the clouds held a peace and charm for them, although they had never heard of the painted clouds of Salvator, Claude and Poussin. Here and there, rocking in the group, was an exceptional woman. Winter was in her veins and its snow had whitened her locks. There came the thought, sentimental if you will, that somehow out of the abundance with which her class helps to fill the world provision might be made for giving her an outing that should last, not a week, but until the end of her days.

The women have a good time on the veranda, occupying their minds with matters that do not concern Neptune or the moon that silvers his roll. In many respects they pass the hours as do their sisters of the Oriental Hotel, at the east end of the Coney Island beach, where the rates are—Mæcenas only knows how many dollars a day. Of course, there is more dining of babies at the free place. But Mrs. Grundy is present, though she gossips with an East Side accent. There is the very young mother with twins whose four big blue eyes are rimmed with red. They do not bespeak a Herculean career, and sotto-voce opinion divides as to whether she will raise both or even one. Another woman has a pretty whim to cradle her babe in the sand after sunset. What a scandal! There is division into sets, the set from the Upper East Side thinking itself a shade smarter, possibly, than the set from the Lower East Side. So you see there is not lacking the social interests that relieve the tedium of every well-ordered seaside veranda.

The greatest responsibility of the superintendent and staff is in regard to contagious diseases. Here medical and practical knowledge are indispensable. Those who are ill look more or less alike to the untrained eye, but to the professional vision they often present significant differences. Where there is the least suspicion that any may be suffering from a communicable malady they are promptly isolated to a part of the building where they can have all the benefit of sunlight and pure air, but where their contagion cannot be passed to others. Such cases are few. Most of the ailments are those that come from bad housing and lack of proper food.

When the day for home going is reached the parting guests make a remarkably different company from that which arrived a week before. Some who came very ill have actually taken on a glow of vigor. Many, of course, are too far run down to be picked up in a week. Nearly all who have no definite complaint have gained flesh, particularly the children, whose appetite at the seashore is judged to be five times that of its town power. Few of them have a chance to test its full power when at home. The boys and girls take back rosy cheeks and clear eyes, and laughter that will live some days before the slums reduce it to a ghost of a smile. One of the staff said that he supposed the workers' wives thanked Providence for this little giving back to them of life's good things, and had small thought, if any at all, for the mortal purse that was the medium of return. Exceedingly few of the thousands who have had the long or short outings this summer, he believed, could tell the name of the association that provided them. They only knew that from somewhere out of the community's abundance an unusual share had suddenly fallen to them. WILTON THOMAS.

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SUMMER HATS FOR THE SUMMER GIRL



By MARIE GRÉGOIRE

THE SHIRT-WAIST HAT is the shibboleth of the up-to-date girl. Picture hats may make concessions, but the outing hat is uncompromising. If it isn't right, it is so hopelessly wrong. One can't cover up deficiencies in its style by loading it with flowers. It should be severe and yet chic. It must be becoming—and there's the rub. Even a pretty girl finds it hard to choose an outing hat. The plain girl is likely to find it a depressing undertaking. It is in the effort to overcome this difficulty that milliners and hatters load the simple shapes with trimming and thereby rob them of their character and distinction.

If the wearer's face can possibly rise to the emergency, the plainer an outing hat is the better. Everything should depend upon the quality of the material and the lines of the hat shape. The soft broad-brimmed felts were ideal in their way, and are still shown, though preference this season leans toward straw or stitched linen or silk.

The Panama began a triumphal career, for women as well as for men, last summer. It is well to the fore again this year; but the straw should be real Panama. That means expense; but if one cannot afford the genuine Panama straw, it is much better to choose some one of the other light, flexible, loosely woven straws than to buy an imitation Panama which lacks flexibility and wears atrociously. The Panama hat shown in the cut is soft as the softest felt, and should be turned down over the eyes in true golfing fashion. No trimming, save the narrow silk band, should adorn a Panama hat, though some makers are experimenting with broad velvet bands and quills.

The old-time sailor-hat seems to have lost caste hopelessly for the present, but the English sailor, with broad, sharply rolling brim, is finding favor with those who can wear it. The shape is often trimmed with a silk scarf, or more effec-

tively with one of the new grass-cloth scarfs. Sometimes it has a wreath of roses lying in the curve of the brim; but, for outing wear, the best models shown have a rather broad velvet band finishing in a flaring bow at the back. The model shown here introduces an original note by ending the velvet band at either side of the front in a large straw boss.

Then there is the Continental hat, which has been much abused by cheap milliners, yet presents attractive possibilities and, in a chastened and demure form, has a host of friends among the fashionable elect. It has been almost universally adopted by the summer equestriennes, and on the Central Park bridle-path, these warm mornings, it seems an inevitable accompaniment to the shirt-waist that has practically ousted the old habit basque, for warm weather riding. It is in good form for all shirt-waist wear, but it must be like the illustration here, of handsome, loosely woven straw that is light upon the head, and trimmed only with a velvet band and binding. No dangling and flopping bow in the back. That fad was too easily imitated, and swooped from Fifth Avenue to Grand Street over-night; so the knowing girl promptly banished the streaming ends from her Continental. Even in the more elaborate hats, cheap burlesquing is producing a reaction against the cachepeigne that drooped from the back of all fashionable hats earlier in the season.

The very flat straw or felt whose exaggerated side brim is turned up and fastened to the low crown is too much like a Shrove Tuesday pancake to be alluring in the milliner's window, but it has attained a decided vogue, even among the fastidious, and, on a certain type of girl, is distinctly chic. It, too, has discarded the fluttering bow at the back, and whether in straw or, as is often the case, in white felt, has, like the hat illustrated, a velvet band and velvet straps holding the folded brim.

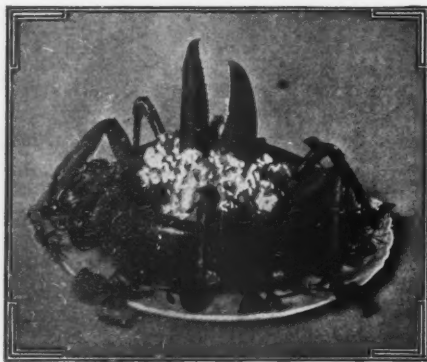
English outing hats show many shapes trimmed in scarfs of straw so coarsely plaited and soft that it can be knotted almost as easily as silk. One of the most popular of these models is a coarse, burnt-straw sailor with low crown and slightly curving brim, and has a double scarf of burnt straw and dark-blue straw knotted in a broad bow at the front.

The burnt straw and deep yellow straws are highly favored for either the stiff outing hat or the more picturesque affair dear to the girl who cannot reconcile herself to the conventional modes and carries her love of the artistic even into outing costume. Even she must regard the fitness of things and keep her outing hat within the lines of simplicity, but she may indulge her taste this summer more readily than she could last season. The pliable and beautiful coarse straws that have deluged the millinery market this summer lend themselves to the most picturesque of flopping-brim effects, and for the girl whose face will justify it, the low-crowned, broad-brimmed shape of loose-woven flexible straw, with the brim drooping into unexpected curves, is a charming bit of headgear.

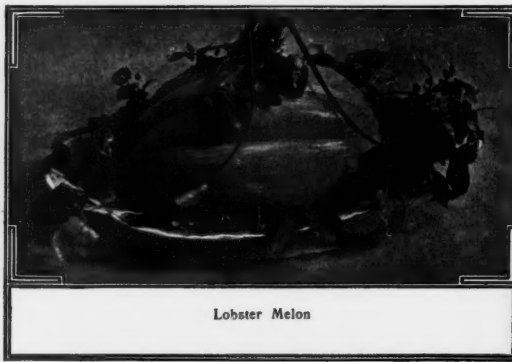
The trimming most in vogue for such a hat is a soft scarf of black silk, tied at the back in a huge, careless bow; but the Parisienne, who hates severity and does not go in for "le sport" with a sincerity demanding practical costuming, makes these picture hats blossom with trailing flowers. Field flowers are the favorites for what the French woman calls her "outing hat." Daisies, poppies and wheat appear together on many of the coarse yellow straws. Cornflowers, too, are popular; wild honeysuckle, buttercups, wild roses spray over the flopping brims and are in harmony with the Parisian version of the shirt-waist—a blouse compact of sheerest lawn or mousseline or silk, teased by handwork into a marvel of daintiness.

WHEN LOBSTER DAYS ARE WITH US

By ELIZABETH WADSWORTH MORRISON



Lobster Salad in Tomato Ring



Lobster Melon



Lobster Croquettes

IT HAS OFTEN been said that the first person who ate a lobster must have been either starving or an exceedingly brave creature; for there is but one other shellfish as forbidding in appearance as the lobster, and that is his cousin the crab.

Within this uninviting exterior is a delicious white and pink flesh the like of which cannot be equalled as an appetizer—when one's appetite is jaded, especially. When broiled and served with a hot butter sauce seasoned with lemon juice and garnished with crisp greens, it is the aroma for gods and the meat for mankind.

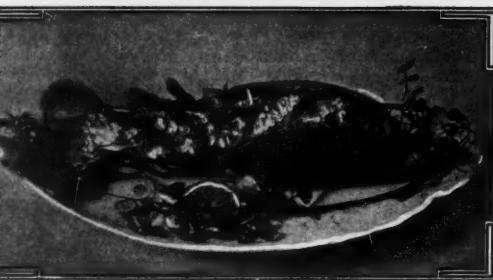
The lobster season extends from March to November, during which time they are at their best. One can, of course, procure lobsters during all seasons, but, like oysters, they have their time, and out of season they are stringy and lack the delicate flavor.

Always reject a dead lobster; that is, do not buy an unboiled lobster which is lifeless, as they are unwholesome. When buying ready-boiled lobsters their freshness can be determined by the tail, which should be curled tightly under, and when drawn out, springs quickly back into place. Unless it does this the lobster was boiled when dead and should be rejected. When buying a live lobster see that it is lively when touched.

For boiling a lobster have a deep kettle with enough water to entirely cover the lobster. When it becomes hot take the lobster by the back and place it, head first, into water; cover tightly. When the water boils put in one tablespoonful of salt and boil steadily for thirty minutes.

When it is cooked and cooled, twist off the claws and legs; break the tail apart from the body; remove the green substance, which is the fat, and considered the tid-bit by epicures, and also the coral, the fine pink eggs. The stomach lies directly under the head and should be removed and thrown away; also the woolly gills.

Now pick out all the small pieces of meat which lie under the gills. Crack the claws and remove the meat. Cut the



Lobster Baked in the Shell

legs open with a pair of scissors and remove the meat. With a pointed, sharp knife or scissors cut open the tail, inside; remove the meat in one piece; then open it and take out the one intestine, which runs the entire length of it.

The meat is now ready to be served in any way preferred. The four recipes incorporated here will be found easily constructed, and delicious to the palate and attractive to the eye.

LOBSTER BAKED IN THE SHELL.—Cut the meat into small pieces. Have ready three hard-boiled eggs. In a saucepan place two tablespoonfuls of butter; when melted, stir in two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and continue stirring until well mixed. Now add one pint of hot milk and stir until thick and smooth; remove from the fire and add one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, the lobster meat, the eggs chopped very fine; fill the shell; cover with fine cracker crumbs mixed with a little butter; set in a hot oven to brown; garnish the platter when ready to serve with watercress and half-slices of lemon.

LOBSTER CROQUETTES.—Prepare the white sauce as above,

seasoning with the pepper, salt and lemon juice, omitting the hard-boiled eggs, but adding one raw egg with the lobster meat; spread on to a shallow, buttered pan to cool. Then form into balls, a tablespoonful of the mixture in each, by rolling between the palms. Coat with fine bread-crumbs, then dip into raw egg yolk, seasoned with salt and pepper; then roll into very fine bread-crumbs again and drop into a kettle of deep, smoking-hot fat. When a delicate brown, remove and drain on to unglazed paper; place on a folded napkin, and garnish with watercress and the legs.

LOBSTER MELON.—Cook one-half cupful of milk and one-half cupful of bread-crumbs together, add one and a half cupfuls of lobster meat, chopped very fine; one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of paprika, one tablespoonful of sherry, the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs; line a melon mold, well buttered, with this mixture. Cut the tails of two lobsters into small cubes; fill the cavity in the mold and pour into this one cupful of the white sauce, to which add the yolks of two eggs and one whole egg well beaten; stand the mold in warm water and bake until firm; unmold, garnish with watercress or parsley, and place the lobster head in centre of top.

LOBSTER SALAD IN TOMATO RING.—Cut the lobster into small cubes and to each cupful add half-cupful of crisp, tender celery cut into thin slices; mix with a mayonnaise in which fold one cupful of whipped cream. Boil the contents of a two-pound can of tomatoes with one bay leaf, twelve peppercorns, six sprigs of parsley, one onion, one teaspoonful celery salt, one-half teaspoonful of paprika (a mild, sweet red pepper) for twenty minutes; then strain. Add to the liquid two tablespoonfuls of gelatine; stir until dissolved, then turn into a ring mold; set on ice to chill; then dip into warm water for an instant, invert onto a plate, and the firm jelly will slip out unbroken. Now heap the salad in the centre, and garnish with the legs and under part of large claws as illustrated, surrounding base with parsley or cress.

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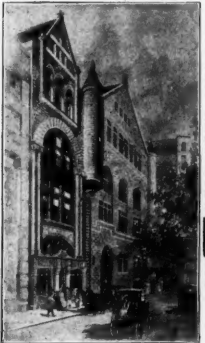


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MAN'S BUMP OF LOCALITY

By CARROLL WATSON RANKIN

WHEN a woman is uncertain as to the whereabouts of her destination in an unfamiliar town she appeals to the first policeman she happens to meet and her period of doubt is promptly ended.

Would a man in the same circumstances do anything so simple? Never! When a man finds himself a stranger in a strange land he buys a map, studies it for fifteen minutes, and ever afterward considers himself competent to find any given street in New York or Philadelphia—as the case happens—without any further reference to the chart. Is he really thus competent? Not a bit of it. He only thinks he is; but he would walk twenty-seven superfluous blocks under a broiling midsummer sun rather than dispel the illusion.

If man and woman were content to pursue their ways apart, this difference of opinion would be of little moment, but unfortunately they sometimes go forth in pairs, and it is then that trouble begins. The man, anxious to display the superiority of his bump of locality, surreptitiously makes a more than usually protracted study of his cherished map before setting forth; and he starts out with such an air of knowing all about it that his feminine companion does not at first suspect the real depth of his ignorance nor the inadequacy of the aforesaid bump.

By the time they have walked for an hour or two, besides liberally patronizing the various street-car lines, without arriving at anything that could possibly be mistaken for their destination, the woman's confidence becomes somewhat shaken, and she suggests her friend, the policeman. The man, however, would rather be a babe in the woods for life than confess himself lost, so the pair trudge on, until the woman, weary and footsore, takes the matter into her own hands and declares, flatly, that she won't go a step further until she knows that she is taking that step in the right direction.

Investigation at this point usually proves that the overconfident man is anywhere from eighty-seven to ninety-two blocks out of the way. Of course, at this discovery, the man declares that there must be something wrong with the map. The woman is too worn out and too well-bred to say what she thinks about it.

For this peculiarity in the unmarried man there is absolutely no remedy. As long as he remains a bachelor his case is hopeless; there is positively no available cure for him.

The wife of the married man, however, has, if she but knew it, the sovereign remedy in her own hands—but it is a desperate one—to fit the disease. She must select a rainy day for the operation—and a rainy day in New York or Philadelphia is a rainy day, for when it rains in either of those places the water not only comes down in torrents, but rebounds on the pavement and goes up again so that an umbrella affords no real protection. The only other requisites are the man, a moderately good gown of shrinkable material and a perishable hat.

Then the heroic woman has only to go forth with her unsuspecting spouse in search of an almost unfindable street, to trudge uncomplainingly for hours over miles of wet pavement, and finally to display the havoc wrought upon her garments by the storm, and man's stupidity.

The sight of a ruined gown, a wrecked hat and a sodden pair of expensive shoes will materially lessen any married man's faith in his bump of locality, and will open his eyes to the utility of consulting a policeman at every corner.

FOOD

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You can feel as "fit as a Lord" in hot weather if you eat sensibly. If you aren't entirely happy in hot weather suppose you quit your way and try ours.

Take a cold sponge bath, dress leisurely and sit down to a breakfast of Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit and a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Don't fear, you won't starve; on the contrary, that "lordly feeling" will take possession of you by lunch time.

Grape-Nuts is a concentrated food and contains as much nourishment as bulky body heating food like meat, potatoes, etc. Its crisp daintiness will appeal to your palate and the result is a very marked difference in the temperature of the body and the certainty of ease and perfect digestion.

Quit coffee; it unnaturally stimulates the brain and nerves, heating the body and causing an uneven temper; use Postum Food Coffee, has a charming flavor when properly made and does not affect the nervous system, but assists the brain to work with ease and clearness.

Experience and experiment in food and its application to the human body has brought out these facts. They can be made use of and add materially to the comfort of the user during the hot weather.

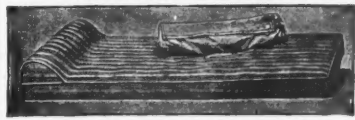
Look through the recipe book in each Grape-Nuts package for delicious puddings, entrees, salads and desserts.

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\$3 a Day. Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. Royal Manufacturing Co., Box 566, DETROIT, MICH.

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Connubial Counterpoint

By Landis Ayr.



JACK, I bought a ravishing hat to-day.

Indeed! What did it cost?

The idea! I am amazed at your asking that the very first thing.

What question could be more vital?

Why, I should think you would beg to see it on my head.

I didn't suppose I'd have to sue for that privilege.

Don't you want to see the hat?

Certainly. How much did—

Now don't repeat that obnoxious question until— Wait a minute. There! Isn't that a dream?

Put it on.

Why, it is on.

Oh. Have you another one?

What do you mean?

To wear on this side of your head.

How absurd! This is the extreme style.

What keeps it on at that angle?

A hatpin. What did you suppose?

I thought it must be propped by your ear.

Well! If my ears were big enough for that I'd go to a specialist and have them whittled down.

That is a very expensive operation. The services of a sculptor would be required to remodel the rims and remodel—

Don't tax your imagination further. My ears are— Colonel Blank likens them to tiny pink shells.

I thought that expression was obsolete since physiognomists have agreed that large ears are a sign of intelligence.

What do they judge by—donkeys or mules?

A mule is a very thoughtful animal.

Doubtless—in inventing different ways of kicking; which is a noticeable point of his resemblance to man.

How much did that hat—

Do you like it?

Well there, then (turning round). Is it becoming?

Now I can't see your face

Oh, you quiz! At least express your opinion of the hat. Is it pretty?

I guess so. What did it—

Isn't it chic?

—Cost?

What do you think? It was greatly reduced.

Oh, a bargain sale! Ninety-nine cents?

Jack! A hat like this? And it wasn't a bargain sale. This hat was made for the Van Duzenberry's garden party.

Are you going to that?

The lady who ordered it is not going, and it was left on the milliner's hands. Hence the reduction.

Hence, how much?

Just look at these plumes.

That will necessitate your turning round again.

Well! I'll take it off and you can inspect it in your hand at your leisure.

Is it paid for?

Certainly not. You will have to write me a check.

Ah! Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho! Then the great secret will be mine. Ha, ha, ha!

Go on, Jacky—have your laugh first, by all means. That check will require three figures on the left of the decimal.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB IN THE COUNTRY

By Helen Combes

IN THE formation of a woman's club outside of the large social centres the foundation must be laid on a broader basis than is found underlying a similar structure raised in the city. For the city club may be one thing to one, or to twenty women. The country club must sometimes be "all things to all women."

The city woman is deeply interested in her club work, but it does not represent to her what it represents to the country dweller. With the first, it is one of many means of meeting others, of improving the mind, of interchange of ideas and of social relaxation; with the latter, it is often the only way of getting out of the beaten groove, and she therefore hails it with a delighted enthusiasm with which others, to whom the term "club meeting" is a more or less empty sound, cannot understand or sympathize.

In small communities it is not always easy to form one woman's club and it is often obviously impossible to have more than one. Therefore such club, if its members are broad-minded enough to take an interest in outside matters, must have many departments. There are country clubs which meet solely for the purpose of reading and study, but they are few compared to those who combine with these departments work along municipal lines, philanthropic and charitable undertakings, and other branches of the world's work.

The public library seems to come particularly, within the province of the country woman's club. In almost every community where there is a woman's club and a free library we find the former working for the good of the latter. More than a few communities owe their libraries to the energetic work of the woman's club. There are others where a weak and dying institution has been revived and reincarnated by the spirit of life infused into it by an earnest body of club women.

Many women who would object strongly to being classed among the woman suffragists have been brought, by the discussion at the woman's club meetings, to see that matters pertaining to the schools demand, and should have, the attention of women, and have gone to the polls to record their votes and opinions in the cause of education. The school comes next to the home in the foundation stones of a great nation, and the country woman's club which has taught its members to take an active, and if necessary an aggressive, interest in school matters has not lived in vain.

In many communities the work done by women's clubs along municipal lines has been of inestimable and lasting benefit. The women rarely undertake large matters, but rather busy themselves in attending to the "little

things" which in reality make up the sum and substance of municipal success, but which, nevertheless, village or town officials are apt to neglect for larger undertakings. More than one village in the vicinity of New York to-day owes a large measure of the prosperity in which it rejoices to the good offices of the woman's club within its borders. Women have planted trees, have beautified parks, have made unsightly waste places blossom like the rose, and have seen that streets were kept tidy. Nay, it is even on record that in some places, where men seem to have lost the spirit of progression, that women have actually built good roads themselves rather than wallow through beds of dust in dry weather or rivers of mud in wet. Not only this, but they have been a thorn in the flesh of lazy or indifferent officials, whose tendency to "let things drift" has had to vanish before the delegations of women demanding improvements and action for the public good.

As an educational factor for itself, the country woman's club is not behind that of the cities. Nearly every club combines with its active work a course of study, generally on the history, geography, art, literature, customs or people of some country which is prominently before the public eye. Unexpected talent is often brought to the fore through the medium of the club. Women who have taken no part in public affairs, and have declared their total inability to make a speech or read a paper, have found to their great surprise, after a trial, that only a trial was needed and that they are really peculiarly fitted for what seemed to be such an impossibility. Others who have been backward about going into society because of a feeling of being unable to converse fluently and at ease have had their tongues loosened (no sarcasm intended) through the medium of the woman's club.

In short, the country woman's club has done much toward placing the woman suburbane on a level, in point of culture, education and self-poise, with her city cousin. It has broadened her horizon; it has taught her that woman can take an interest in outside matters without losing her skill as a housekeeper, the love and dependence of her children or the respect of her husband. And it has led others to discover that she is something beside a mere machine or drudge put into the world for the express purpose of ministering to the wants of the lords of creation and bringing up a family.

And for this and many other benefits we thank the country woman's club, and we wish it even more of success in the future than it has won for itself in the past.

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CAMPING FOR WOMEN



HAVE you ever camped in the middle of a wilderness? Unless you have done this you do not know the most delightful paradox in the world—the joy of hardship, the utter content of discomfort, the bliss of extreme rigor. Never does a fire glow so brightly as the one on which you have wasted twenty matches and much time before it would consent to own you and not the breeze master. Never does innocuous lemonade taste so like nectar as that for whose chief ingredients you have waited a week while the casual stage of the region made a journey to the nearest town, some twenty or thirty miles away over the trackless hills. No wide and downy bed at home ever invited you to such sleep as that your narrow, knobby cot, or your sleeping bag upon the ground, provides you in the wilderness.

Of course, camp life may mean to you a plutocratic log-cabin settlement in the midst of the woods, where there are red shades on the dinner-table candles, where the floors are covered with Navajo blankets of great cost, where the waters of the lake or the river have been somewhat diverted so that the campers may take their porcelain-lined baths in their usual seclusion, where there is a French cook, and where an unlimited supply of white piqué skirts and silk blouses is needed for morning wear. Such campers require hints not very dissimilar to those that would apply to the sojourners at Southampton or at Manchester-by-the-Sea. But to those who are really going to rough it, say from twenty-five to a hundred miles from the nearest centre of civilization—and that a little, God-forsaken town of the mountains—here are hints.

In your permanent camp, unless you are in a very dry region, the floor of at least one tent should be boarded, so that on a bad day you need not sit with your feet in puddles. For the permanent tents, though lightness is desirable, it is not so necessary as in the portable belongings, and it is better in them to purchase fairly heavy duck or drill. A fly—a sort of double roof reaching from the ridge-pole out beyond the walls of the original tent, and held down by ropes and stakes—has two advantages: it affords extra protection against rain, and it also absorbs some of the heat of the sun on hot days before the rays strike the under-roof. How much that means only one who has had to spend half an hour in a tent under a blazing sky can tell. Partitioned tents of as many rooms as one desires may be bought or made at prices ranging from fifteen to sixty dollars.

Folding cots made of waterproof canvas may

be bought for two dollars and a half. Hair mattresses covered with waterproof duck cost from five dollars up. A pneumatic mattress is one of the greatest luxuries a camper can have, but it is comparatively expensive, twenty dollars being the price of the smallest sort suitable for a camp cot. But it is wonderfully comfortable, and may be emptied of air and rolled compactly away when it is to be packed or carried.

In any but a very damp climate the cooking will probably be done under a hastily constructed shed, out of doors. Then any sort of a stove will answer. The regular tent stoves, jointed with an eye toward their packing, cost from three dollars for a stove of one hole to seven or seven and a half for a stove of three holes. An asbestos stove-pipe collar, for two dollars, will save much anxiety as to conflagration in a tent in which there is a stove.

The outfit for the table should be a regular aluminium camper's set—rustless, light and easily cleaned. Complete sets come to fit the needs of parties of various sizes, and are always well worth the fifteen or twenty dollars they cost. If an aluminium dish made in two parts—the under one to hold hot water with which to keep the meat on the upper part hot—is added, positively luxurious living is assured.

If you camp, you will have to drag water. See to it that your water-pails are the lightest possible kind. Papier-mâché and canvas are both good, weighing, in three-gallon size, not more than six ounces.

A collapsible basin of rubber or of waterproof canvas is a necessity. A rubber tub, also collapsible, adds little to the bulk or weight of the outfit, and yet keeps one in touch with the best of civilization—the daily bath.

Be sure that the outfit contains not only enough camp-stools, but enough camp-chairs with backs. Any one who has ever had the misfortune to pass two months—two days, for that matter—in a camp where the only support for her back during waking hours has been the trunk of a kindly tree, has had her share of purgatory.

And don't, whatever you do, forget to take lanterns and candles enough to ensure lights for your whole camp experience. If there is one thing that will make you forswear camping—though for a night at a time only, to be sure—it is a struggle with an unprotected candle and the wind.

Next week we will publish a second paper on "Camping for Women"—devoted entirely to the "personal outfit."

SAVORY SWEET PICKLES

By Katherine E. Megee

EVERY storeroom should boast a choice assortment of sweet pickles. They are positive boons to the housewife; not only because they are such acceptable appetizers for lunch-basket, luncheon and tea tables, but also because they may be transformed into many delightful emergency dishes suitable for an entrée or a dessert.

A pickled peach or pear, or a bunch of pickled cherries in a pastry shell, dressed with a little spiced liquor, makes a most toothsome morsel; plain cake and sweet pickled fruit combine so agreeably that they seem made for each other; several varieties of pickled fruit may be served together as a spiced fruit salad. These are but three of the many dishes which may be concocted by using the sweet pickle as a basis. Others will suggest themselves.

Any fruit or vegetable that can be preserved may be made into sweet pickle. A very good proportion for the syrup is three pints "coffee C" sugar to one quart good cider vinegar. The spices commonly used for this variety of pickle are cloves and cinnamon, and the proportion two teaspoonfuls of the former and four tablespoonfuls of the latter to each gallon of fruit. The appended recipes are true and tried, and if followed to the letter cannot fail to give satisfactory results.

PEACH PICKLE.—Pare fine clingstones—the White Heath is the best variety for the purpose—and stew in just enough water to cover until tender but not broken; then pack in layers in a stone jar with a sprinkling of spice between, and cover with boiling syrup, made in the proportions before given, and cooked until of the consistency of thin molasses. Let stand over night; then turn into a preserving kettle, place over the fire and scum. Put away in self-sealing glass jars.

PEAR PICKLES.—Pare and halve the fruit; then drop it into boiling syrup, and cook until tender enough to pierce with a silver fork. Transfer to a stone jar, sprinkle with spices, cover with boiling syrup, let stand over night; next morning finish as directed for peach pickle. Sweet apples may be prepared in the same manner, and are especially nice.

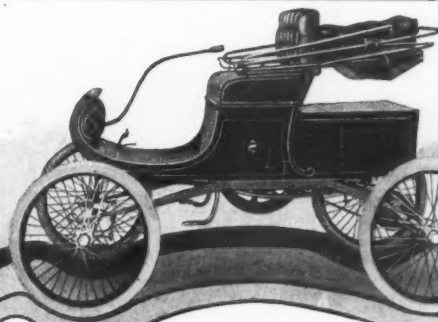
DAMSON PICKLE.—Scald together the vinegar and sugar; skim, add spices, boil up once, then turn over fruit. Draw off and scald the vinegar twice more at intervals of three days, the last time boiling the fruit twenty minutes.

STRAWBERRY PICKLE.—Place the berries in layers in a jar with spices between. Pour over them the boiling syrup; let stand twenty-four hours closely covered; then draw off syrup, boil and pour over fruit again; let stand as before, then turn the whole into a preserving kettle and cook slowly, without stirring, for thirty minutes. Pickle other small fruits in the same manner.

CANTALOUPE SWEET PICKLE.—Select melons that are not quite ripe; open, scrape out pulp, peel, slice and lay in a weak brine over night. The next morning boil in a weak alum water till transparent; lift out, drain, wipe dry, then drop into boiling spiced syrup and cook twenty minutes.

WATERMELON SWEET PICKLE.—Select a fine ripe melon; pare off the green rind and red core; cut into inch squares; place in a preserving kettle with two teaspoonfuls of salt for each gallon of rinds; nearly cover with water and boil until tender; drain in a colander; then proceed as directed for peach pickle.

SWEET-PICKLED BEETS.—Cook the beets till tender; slip off the skins and cut into slices; place in glass jars, fill up with spiced syrup, boiling hot, and seal.



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SWINGING ROUND THE SUMMER RESORTS

(SEE DOUBLE PAGE)

EXCEPTING ONLY the comparatively short stretch of sea-front known as the Riviera, and, less possibly, that which comprises the Floridian winter resorts, the coastline of New England, in what is practically continuous sequence, presents the most famous series of watering places in the world. And, what can be said of neither Florida nor France, an infinite variety distinguishes her resorts, one from the other. New England has something to offer every sort and condition of man, and every sort and condition of man, from the millionaire on the Newport cliffs to the petty tradesman who passes his brief vacation at Revere Beach, responds to her thus tacitly tendered invitation. For nowhere is sovereign summer more graciously enthroned than on the curving and wood-fringed shores of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine.

Since multiplicity is the mother of selection, one has, perforce, within the limits of even an exhaustive article and still more of a brief review, to choose sparingly of this infinite variety—unwillingly to pass by much of charm for the sake of what is more essentially typical. And so, for convenience, the New England coast may be divided into three parts: that, first, which includes the quartet of famous resorts that have been called the "three great N's"—New London, Narragansett, and Newport—with which the present survey is concerned; second, the North Shore, of which Provincetown is the initial; and, finally, the three beautiful harbors—York, Bar, and Northeast—reserving the second and last divisions for succeeding articles.

NEW LONDON FAMOUS FOR REGATTAS

It is natural to think of New London as being, in one respect at least, favored beyond her alliterated fellows. In desirability of climate, in beauty of situation and in variety of attractions, while she has much of which to boast, she cannot be said to stand pre-eminent, but in the fact that her season opens not only decisively and at an approximately invariable date, but with a gayety and enthusiasm which even Trouville might envy, she seems to stand apart. For New London is the home par excellence of the American regatta. It is as such that she is known through the length and breadth of the land, as such that she appeals most intimately to American sympathies, as such that she poses in the character of a gracious hostess to the multitudes that throng her shady streets in the sunny days of race-week, and deck her waters with the sails of their graceful pleasure craft.

Unlike the average coast resort, it is not so much the intrinsic beauties of New London, which in the first instance attracted her summer colony, as the influence of those who came for a different and specific purpose and lingered or returned to make her what she is to-day. Without the surpassing natural advantages of Newport, she depends to even a greater extent than does the latter upon what man has done to amplify her charm. Hampered at once by the unlovely details incidental to a great railway and commercial centre, and to the less excusable atrocities due to ignorance in architecture, her more thickly populated quarters yet earn the visitor's gratitude by furnishing the essential contrast to the grace of the harbor and the delicious prospects of the streets and places in the vicinity of her most widely known hotel. The lighthouse, the Casino—a veritable gem—and numberless judiciously correct residences in grounds of extreme beauty furnish notes that more than redeem the impossible, if inevitable, ugliness of the town proper.

A YACHTING RENDEZVOUS

But it is, perhaps, as a yachting haven that New London stands without a peer—though here, again, not so much by reason of natural fitness, marked as this is, as from the fortuitous circumstance of the Thames having been, long since, selected for the annual Harvard-Yale regatta. The approach of race-day is the signal for a general rendezvous at the mouth of the Thames for every form of pleasure craft, from the twenty-foot cruising cat and the smallest of naphtha launches to such giants as *Endymion*, *Electra*, *Valiant* and *Corsair*. Hour by hour, during the forty-eight preceding that of the regatta, these come stealing in past the Casino, under sail, steam or motor, until at last even that generous Haven seems incapable of receiving more. And the cool, brilliant day is alive with the flutter of bunting and the consequential tuffing of tiny launches, and the musically hollow knock of oars against thole-pins, and the night made more compellingly unforgettable by the multitude of mastheads and sidelights, duplicated in the strucking water, the coupled bells of the struck hours, replying each to each, and the distant music of idly strummed guitars and mandolins stealing in across the calm.

NARRAGANSETT CAN ACCOMMODATE EXACTING CROWDS

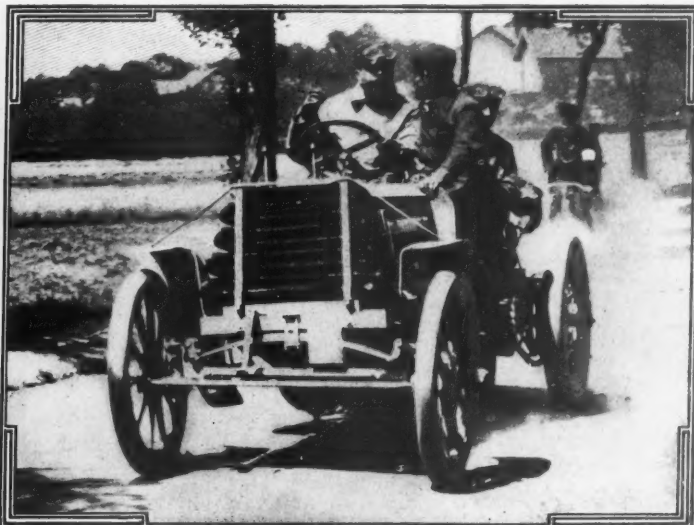
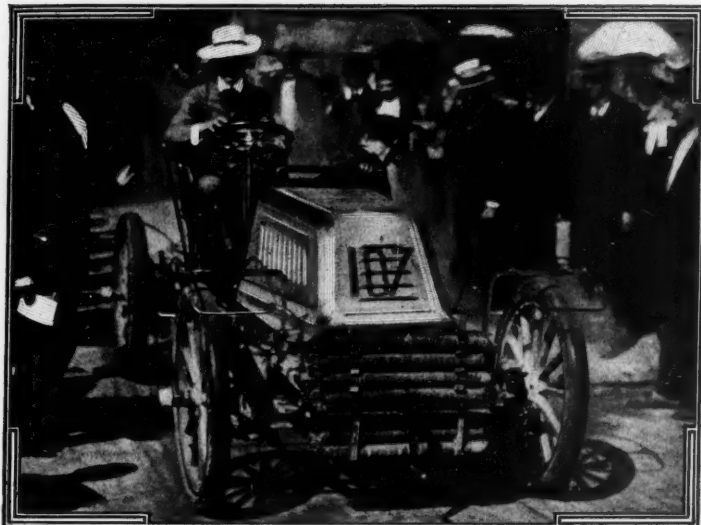
The distinctive feature of Narragansett which most impresses the newcomer is the provision made for handling an enormous crowd, and a crowd, as is evident from the character of this preparation, not apt to content itself with anything short of the best. For those who come to Narragansett have money to purchase whatever of comfort money is able to procure, and expect that the supply shall be proportionate, both in quantity and quality, to the degree of the demand. Economy is something which cannot be said in any sense to enter into consideration of life at the Pier. Intrinsic value of an object or a convenience is buried from view beneath the proved possibility of what may be obtained therefor. So, since your American is at once the most prodigal of money scatterers when the object is to be desired and the most intolerant of insufficient return for his expenditure, it is at Narragansett that one finds the hotel service of the United States developed to its highest state of perfection. At the best houses, everything is upon a gigantic scale—a scale, too, as remarkable for its simplicity as for its magnitude. For a remarkable feature of Narragansett is the absence alike of useless pretence and of cheap display. The town itself is unassuming almost to the point of barrenness, and there is a noticeable lack of the sensational and shoddy attractions which one is wont to associate with what is known to be an immensely popular resort. On the other hand, as we have said, whatever is necessary, or even merely contributory, to the comfort of the visitor is of the most approved pattern. The Pier itself, so widely known by name, is so simple as to be almost disappointing, evidently and eminently merely practical in design. The beach, a bare mile in extent, would seem to be fairly outvalued by half a hundred others of lesser fame. The hotels, with one possible exception, are singularly destitute of adornment. It is not at first sight, but only upon closer acquaintance, that one discovers the significance of this apparent incongruity and the true cause of Narragansett's popularity. Plummery, in every instance, has been sacrificed to feasibility, and display to solidity.

WEALTH AND LUXURY AT ARISTOCRATIC NEWPORT

The uninitiated visitor, particularly if he be of an unpretentious habit, is apt to approach Newport in a frame of mind in which resentment is a prominent factor. She stands apart in a sense so complete from all other American resorts, she is so essentially the summering-place of mammon and his train, that, from the outset, one is prepared to be snubbed and has a chip upon one shoulder in readiness for the first evidence of superciliousness. And to an extent Newport seems to justify this suspicion. Her attitude is very perceptibly that of aloofness, her pride in her own patrician personality very eloquently in evidence, and the natural, if lamentable, instinct which prompts the London street-boy to cry "Yah!" at sight of a flunkey's powdered hair and padded calves, goes far toward impelling the average man to indulge in a mental observation somewhat akin, upon first coming in contact with Newport's self-conscious superiority. But this impression is merely transitory. There is something indescribably attractive, after all, in a life, however artificial, wherein every detail bears the imprint of *savoir vivre*. And, above all things, Newport "knows how." The very perfection of her aristocratic poise commands admiration, so that little by little one becomes reconciled to the absence of the informality which is accounted so potent a factor in ordinary country life and learns to appreciate the deliberate design by which she has been made to assume this guise of stately luxury.

Newport is the home of good houses and good horses. Once clear of the town itself, wherein few evidences of quaintness now remain as memorials of former simplicity, the line is sharply drawn which cuts off all suggestion of that intense energy of American business life which has made Newport possible, and emphasizes in its every detail the luxury which that energy has procured. New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee—these, with their factory darkened streets, their railway yards, and their tall chimneys slobbering slow coils of smoke, are the cause. Newport, with her wide-shaded avenues alive with the jingle of silver harness-chains and the thud of thoroughbred hoofs, and her stately cliffs, looped in and out, and crowned with princely palaces—this is the effect; and no longer merely the essence of luxurious living, but proof positive of the gigantic strides by which American taste has advanced in the past two decades.

GUY WETMORE CARRYL.



Paris-Vienna Race.—W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., leaving Automobile Club after registering for race, and M. de Knyff arriving at Belfort

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

PARIS- VIENNA AUTOMO- BILE RACE

THE Paris-Vienna automobile race has given rise to a great deal of discussion and many claims are being made. The Americans who entered, however, did not come through far enough to be factors. Foxhall Keene and W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., are the two who started; Lawrence Waterbury also entering, but not starting. Keene came to grief eleven miles outside of Paris, running into a gate at the railroad crossing with such force as to wreck his machine and only barely escaping himself. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., stayed in as far as Belfort, in spite of tires bursting twice and his radiator getting out of order. Finally, when he reached Belfort he could barely get 15 kilometres an hour and he withdrew.

The man who, at the present writing, is accredited with finishing first is Marcel Renault. He made the distance—772 miles—in 14 hours 22 minutes.

GUNN WINS ALL AROUND CHAMPION- SHIP

THE all-around championship this year, although perhaps not as widely speculated upon as in some former years, attracted a very fair crowd to Celtic Park, Long Island. Merrill of Beloit, bearing the colors of the Milwaukee Athletic Club, and Gunn of the Y. M. C. A. of Buffalo, were the favorites, and had Gunn not performed better than he did at the Stadium at Buffalo last year, the Westerner would have pressed him pretty closely. As it was, however, Gunn had been touching up his weak points and was taking no chances on anything, so that he actually finished with a total score only about 100 points below the record, which is held by Harry Gill, and made in 1900, and considerably bettered his own of last year. Merrill, however, was a fair second. Princeton, the jumper and hurdler representing the Syracuse Y. M. C. A., was third. Merrill was out of it in the hammer throw and pole vault. In the hammer throw he had plenty of power, but could not stay in the ring.

Flanagan, the open champion, and Dewitt, the intercollegiate, had a hammer-throwing contest, Dewitt getting in a throw of 167 feet 8 inches, but upon examination it was found that the Princeton man's hammer-handle was over the regulation length, which gave Flanagan the victory.

A hot race transpired between Bowen of the University of Pennsylvania and Pierce, the Seneca Indian, in a three-mile run. It will be remembered that Bowen was the man who beat out the sure winner Franchot of Yale in the two-mile event of the Intercollegiates by making a desperate plunge at the very tape and carrying it away a foot in front of the Yale man when he had supposed himself absolutely safe. Bowen made another hair-raising finish in this event. Bowen was leading and making pace all the way, with Pierce second and Joyce, the cross-country champion, a close third. When they came into the last lap Joyce ran up on Pierce and, at the last bend, passed Bowen, carrying Pierce up ahead also. As they came into the stretch Pierce got on a good burst of speed and passed Joyce. Bowen hung on also and passed Joyce, and, at the very tape, threw himself ahead far enough to make it a dead heat as he crossed the line. The time was 15 minutes 39 1-5 seconds.

NEW CAP- TAINS AT HARVARD AND YALE

Walter Clarkson, the expert pitcher who won the championship for Harvard this year, more especially by his pitching and batting in the second game of the series played before a Yale Commencement audience, has been elected captain of the Harvard baseball nine for the next year. He is a brother of the two noted professional pitchers, John Clarkson and Arthur Clarkson, and will be a senior at Harvard next year.

The Yale nine, which, after winning the Princeton series, was beaten out in the final game with Harvard at the Polo Grounds 6-5, elected Burnside Winslow, a man who did such excellent catching for his nine this season, as captain. The election was a popular one, although unusual, for Winslow was only a sophomore, and will be a junior next year.

The crew captains at Harvard and Yale have also been elected, and, rather singularly, each was bow oar in his boat this year—James is the choice of Harvard and Waterman of Yale. Each promises to be an excellent man. They are



C. S. Titus, Union Boat Club, New York

known as hard workers themselves and able to get plenty of work out of their crews; not theorists, but practical and able.

C. S. TITUS DEFEATS LOUIS SCHOLES

C. S. Titus, although defeated recently in New York by Louis Scholes, turned the tables upon him in the more important contest by defeating him in the preliminary heat for the Diamond Sculls at Henley by a length and a half in 8 minutes 33 seconds. Scholes had been working from Lehman's house at Cookham with the Argonauts and was considered one of Titus's most formidable opponents. Titus had been training at Putney, and, while he found the water a little choppy there, was very much pleased with his treatment and work.

Titus had a rather interesting experience in getting his boat up to Putney. On the steamer, although he did some running on deck for exercise, and also confesses to having assisted the sailors in scrubbing, he was short of work upon landing. His first day, however, gave him all he wanted. When he arrived at Tilbury, thirty-two miles from Putney, the only transport he could get for his boat was a hay barge.

This took the shell up to London Bridge, and from there he rowed seven miles against a strong tide. He is reported as saying that it took five minutes for him to row through one bridge while a police boat waited to see him capsize. The tide was running some ten miles an hour at that point. By the time he was safely housed at Putney he felt that he had quite made up for the week's lack of exercise.

In a most interesting match in the all-England tennis championships S. H. Smith and F. L. Riseley defeated the Doherty brothers, the holders. The first set went to the Dohertys 6-4, but the second and third sets were won by the challengers 8-6 and 6-3. Then the Dohertys tied the score at 2 sets all by winning 6-4. Whereupon there ensued a hot deuce set, which Smith and Riseley finally secured 11-9. Miss Robb defeated Miss Sterry, the former champion, by a score of 7-5, 6-1.

GOLF has reached a point in this country where, although there is one distinct leader, as shown by the early spring work, there are appearing all the time players who are likely to develop into rivals to that leader, and who must be reckoned with at all times. A case of this kind was shown when F. O. Reinhart defeated the almost invincible Travis at the invitation tournament of the Morris County Golf Club, only himself, however, to fall a victim to his fellow student, Conklin, in the next round. Reinhart would be worth watching anywhere if he should once settle down and take the everlasting pains that many other players do. His game is careless and easy, and while he might miss somewhat in dash by attempting to work along a steadier line, there is no doubt but that he would gain in the long run. Age will probably temper this carelessness and render him very formidable.

Then there are men like Hitchcock, Lockwood, Livingston, Jr., Kennaday and Seeley, who have already demonstrated their high class, young players like the Egans, Holabird and Proal, Jr., while the occasional work of some of the far older players like Thorp and Macdonald shows the uncertainties of anything like an age limit. Returns to the ranks of players who were little seen last season, like John Reid, Jr., add much to the interest and are always welcome.

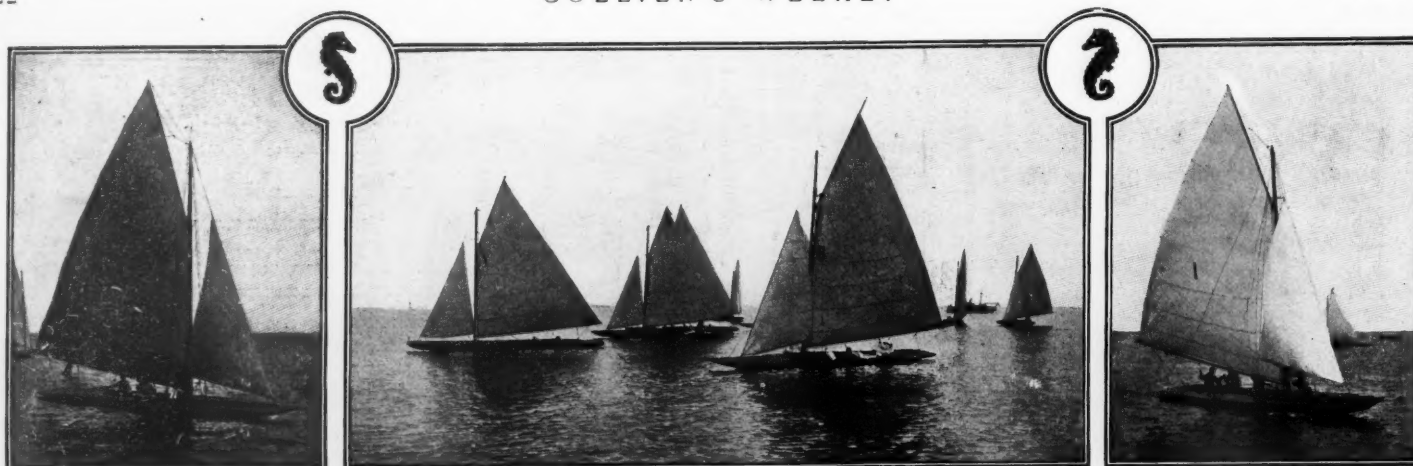
FIRST EN- DURANCE RUN, MOTOR- CYCLES

The endurance run of the motor-cycles from Boston to New York, held July 4 and 5, found 31 machines starting—18 reaching Hartford and 13 getting home to New York. Of these George M. Holley of Bradford, Penn., was the first one to get home. He rode a two and a quarter horsepower machine. The rain of Thursday night had made the roads muddy, and, as it rained again on Friday, additional mud was prepared, so that it was hard going most of the way. Several of the men had falls; George Hendee of Springfield, who finished second, seemed to have made the record in this respect, as he had some fourteen tumbles. One man—George Rogers of Racine, Wis.—had a fall going through New Britain which sent him to the hospital there. On the whole, the test was a satisfactory one, and the machines stood up quite as well as the men.

WALTER CAMP.



The Ascot Races, a prominent fashionable event in England.—English and American horsemen in the paddock, and Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff and party on their coach "between the acts"



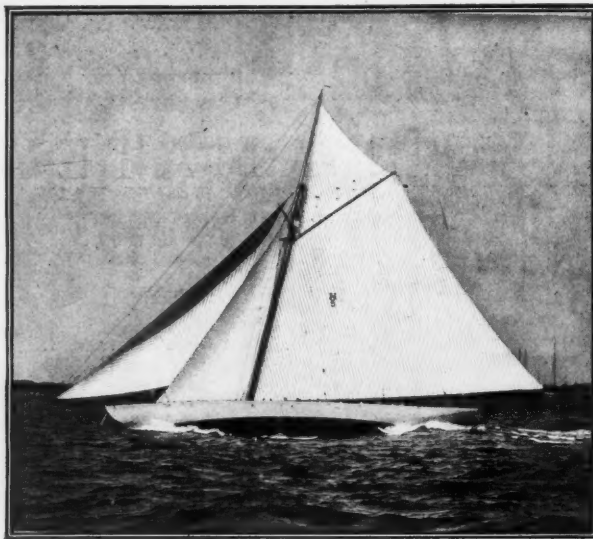
"Tecumseh"

Start of Trials for the Seawanhaka Cup-Challenging Class off Black Rock

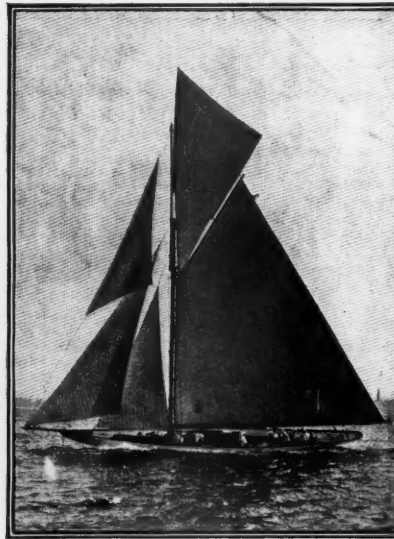
"Massasoit"



"Weetamoc," Owned by H. F. Lippitt



August Belmont's "Mincola," Class H, 70-foot Sloop



Sloop "Neola," Owned by George M. Pynchon

YACHTING FOR 1902 BY DUNCAN CURRY

UNLESS all signs fail, the yachting season of 1902 should go down into history as a banner year in the annals of the sport.

Cup race years may come and go, but yachting, like the brook, goes on forever. With the general public there is a popular belief that a race for the America's cup helps yachting, while, as a rule, the contrary is the case, as it simply concentrates popular interest in one class to the detriment of the sport as a whole.

One of the most interesting features of the season is that it will probably mark the end of the Seawanhaka rule under which nearly all sailing yachts have been built in this country for the past fifteen years, and a new rule which will take displacement into consideration will go into effect next year, which should produce a more seaworthy type of boat.

Another important innovation which has gone into effect this season is the one-gun start and the elimination of time allowance or handicaps by almost every club in the country except the New York Yacht Club.

In the old days, the ordinary spectator at a yacht race could never tell who won, as the last boat to finish frequently captured first prize. Now the yacht to finish first will receive the prize, as in every other branch of sport.

The demoralizing effect of the Seawanhaka rule is shown by the fact that comparatively few racing boats of any consequence were built this year except in the one-design classes.

The growth of the one-design classes is simply marvellous, and has done more to develop yacht-racing and yachtsmen in the last two years than any innovation that has been introduced in the sport for ten years. The one-design idea was introduced in 1894, when W. Butler Duncan, Jr., Herman B. Duryea and a few other enthusiasts ordered five or six 21-foot fin-keel boats from Herreshoff. They were followed a few years later by the Newport 30-footers, the best boats of their size ever built, and now no yacht club is complete without its one-design class.

In all, something like three hundred or more boats have been built for the one-design classes during the past year, which include among their number the Manhasset Bay raceabouts, designed by Jacob, which sailed something like fifty races last season, and the American Yacht Club's 21, 18 and 15 footers, the larger ones being designed by Crowninshield. There are also the New Rochelle 18-foot knockabouts designed by Huntington, the Ardsley Club 18-footers, Horse-shoe Harbor 14-footers, Knickerbocker Club's Hampden class, to say nothing of classes promoted by the Larchmont, Shelter Island, Sachem Head, Indian Harbor, Pelham Bay, Island Heights, Marine and Field, Harlem, Seawanhaka and Buzzards Bay clubs.

Nearly all of these classes were built for this season's racing, and by long odds the best of the lot are the Buzzards Bay centreboard 30-footers designed by Herreshoff. Nearly twenty of these boats have been ordered, and the majority will take part in the New York Yacht Club's races.

Outside of the one-design classes, very few yachts have been built, the most important being the schooner *Meteor* designed by A. Cary Smith for the German Emperor. *Meteor* has, as a rule, finished ahead of her competitors, but has lost the races on time allowance, which is not surprising, as, under

German rules, she has had to allow several hours' start to all of her competitors. The German Emperor is apparently pleased with her, as recently he sent a cablegram to her designer congratulating him on the boat, and said that in half a gale she had logged 16 knots in a reaching breeze. This is almost 19 miles an hour; and, if this is true, it is the fastest time ever made by a sailing yacht. The fastest time ever made by a Cup defender was a run of *Defender* from New London to City Island, when she averaged 14 knots an hour.

American yachts are very popular in Germany just now, and include *Iduna* (formerly *Yampa*), owned by the Empress; the schooners *Lasca* and *Alcaea* and the yawl *Navahoe*. Not only have the American-designed boats been very successful in Germany, but two of the Emperor's cups have been won by Yankee boats owned by New Yorkers.

One of these boats was a little 21-footer called *Uncle Sam*, designed by Crowninshield and owned by J. B. Riggs, a broker, while the other successful craft was the Herreshoff-designed 30-footer *Virginia II*, formerly *Oiseau*, owned by Isaac Stern, which won the championship in her class last season on Long Island Sound. That these two boats should carry off the chief honors of the Kiel regattas from the pick of the German and English fleets is little short of remarkable and reflects great credit on their designers.

So far as new racing yachts are concerned, very few have been built except for the one-design classes, and about the only ones worth speaking of are two bronze 60-footers of very light construction, designed by William Gardner. One of these boats is called *Neola*, and was built at Townsend & Downey's shipyard for George M. Pynchon, and the other is called *Weetamoc*, owned by Harry F. Lippitt of Providence, and was built at Laley's in Boston. They sailed their first race on July 4, in the Larchmont Regatta, when *Neola* won by 6 minutes, thanks to better-fitting sails. When these boats are tuned up, they should furnish some splendid sport and will probably make even the 70-footers hustle.

About the only other notable sailing craft built this season is a three-masted topsail schooner called *Shenandoah*, designed by T. A. Ferris for Gilbert Fahnestock, and a steel schooner called *Chanticleer*, designed by Seabury for George W. Wald of Boston. Outside of this, nine boats were built for the Bridgeport challenge class to go to Canada after the Seawanhaka Cup, and a fleet of four freak boats have been built in Boston for the Quincy Cup class.

These Quincy yachts are said to be the most remarkable boats ever turned out, as on a 21-foot water-line they are to have an over-all length of something like 55 feet, and will carry from 1,400 to 2,000 square feet of canvas in a jib and mainsail rig!

So far as steam yachts are concerned, the principal additions to the pleasure fleet include a 260-foot steel schooner-rigged craft for W. B. Leeds called the *Noma* and a 200-foot yacht for D. G. Reid called the *Rheclair*. Both of these boats were designed by Clinton H. Crane and were built by the Burlee Shipyard at Port Richmond. The *Noma* has a novelty in the shape of what is called the long-arm system of water-tight bulkheads by which the skipper can close all the bulkhead doors instantly from the bridge in case of collision or grounding. The *Aztec*, another 250-foot boat, designed by

Gardner & Cox for A. C. Burrage, about completes the list of ocean cruising steam yachts.

A novelty in steam-yacht construction this year has been the introduction of the turbine system of propulsion to steam yachts. Three boats are being built in England on the Parsons system—the largest boat, a 250-footer, being for Amzi L. Barber of New York—while, more recently, the yacht *Revolution*, an American-designed turbine, made her debut in New York Harbor.

The American boat differs from her English rivals in that she has only twin screws, while the British boats have half a dozen or more propellers on each shafting. Not only this, but it is possible to bring the *Revolution* to a full stop in 23 seconds, and she reverses quickly, while a special set of machinery is necessary to reverse the English yachts. Aside from this, nearly 100 steam yachts, ranging from 30 to 170 feet in length, have been built in various parts of the country, to say nothing of 400 power boats of various sizes and descriptions.

There has been little racing this season outside of the Seawanhaka and Larchmont annual regattas. The New York Spring Regatta in June was postponed on account of lack of wind, while there was too much wind at the Larchmont's opening race, and the same was true of the first two days at the Atlantic Club and Oyster Bay Spring Regattas; so walk-overs have been the rule rather than the exception.

June and July are usually notable months in yachting. This year the Atlantic Yacht Club fleet left Larchmont in the last week of June for their annual cruise to New London, Shelter Island and Newport. The feature of the cruise was a 150-mile ocean race outside of Long Island, from Newport to Sea Gate, Coney Island, for some cups presented by Commodore Robert E. Tod. Some two years ago the Atlantic fleet raced outside from Shelter Island to Sea Gate, when four schooners, after racing all night neck and neck, crossed the finish line within a few seconds of each other.

The New York Yacht Club and the Newport Yacht Racing Association are scheduled for races this month. The Larchmont Yacht Club's famous "Race Week" will begin on July 19, and yacht races and water sports will be held every day, off this miniature American Coves, up to and including July 26. These races will hardly be over before the main event of the yachting season, the New York Yacht Club's annual August cruise to the eastward, will begin.

This year the fleet will rendezvous at New London on Monday, August 4, and the following day will proceed to Newport, where they will remain two days, racing for the Astor Cups on Thursday, August 7. The next day the fleet will proceed to Vineyard Haven, and the following day they will race around Cape Cod to Marblehead.

This is the first time since 1893 that the New York fleet have visited Marblehead, and the Eastern Yacht Club is preparing to welcome the yachtsmen with receptions, dinners, dances and races. The fleet will probably disband here.

Among the schooners, F. F. Brewster's *Elmira*, sailed by Dennis, seems to be the queen of the two-sticker fleet. She has beaten *Muriel* in every race she has started in, and her prizes include the Atlantic, Glen Cove, Seawanhaka, Cult and Larchmont Cups. *Muriel* has sailed her very close, but in the end the better handling of *Elmira* has told.

L. Garnier



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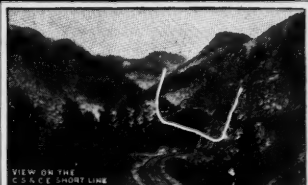
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In the yawl class, *Vigilant* still seems to hold *Ailsa* safe. The last named has been given a new and larger rig, but the Herreshoff boat beats her so much in windward work that the *Fife* boat never seems to stand a chance except in a blow.

The star racing of the year will probably be in the 70 foot sloop class, in which August Belmont's *Mineola*, sailed by Charlie Barr; Cornelius Vanderbilt's *Rainbow*, sailed by Hank Haff; J. Rogers Maxwell's *Yankee* and W. K. Vanderbilt's *Virginia*, sailed by their owners, will take part.

Thus far, *Mineola* has won every race she has sailed, though, as a matter of fact, she has only had *Yankee* against her, as *Rainbow* only made her debut at Larchmont early in July, while *Virginia* will not be seen until the cruise. *Rainbow* will probably do better later on, as on the occasion mentioned her crew lost whatever chance she had by fouling her jib-boom jib-topsail at the start.

Among the imported 60-footers, *Eclis*, *Hester* and *Isolde* will be seen as usual, while the new bronze 60-footers, *Westamoe* and *Neola*, described elsewhere, should furnish plenty of sport in their division.

In the above classes, H. B. Duryea's Herreshoff *Humma* still seems to be champion of the 51-foot class, while the Gardiner *Dorwina*, owned by Clifford V. Brokaw, has things her own way among the 43-footers, with *Effort* a close second. H. L. Maxwell's Herreshoff boat *Leda* is still the champion 36-footer, and among the smaller boats *Haaley* and *Mimosa* lead in the 25-foot division, while *Indian*, *Mavis* and *Juley Roger* are doing the best work among the raceabouts.

Outside of the regular classes some wonderfully keen sailing was seen off Black Rock early in the season, when eight yachts, representing seven designers and almost as many clubs, ranging from Marblehead, Mass., to St. Paul, Minn., took part in the trial races of the Bridgeport Yacht Club to select a challenger to go to Montreal after the Seawanhaka Challenge Cup. Two of these boats hailed from Boston, three from Bridgeport, one from Port Washington, Long Island, one from St. Paul and one from the Great South Bay district.

After a series of ten races lasting three days a Western yacht called *Tecumseh*, designed and sailed by a Western crew hailing from Oshkosh, Wis., beat the entire fleet and was unanimously selected by the judges to go to Canada after the cup. *Tecumseh* is a typical Western scow, 37 feet over all, 22 feet waterline and 7 feet 5 inches beam.

That a Western designer should beat all the Eastern naval architects shows the progress of yachting in the West, and if *Tecumseh* is not successful in her quest it will be due to no fault of her crew, as she was handled better than any boat in the fleet.

These races for the Seawanhaka Cup will be sailed on Bay St. Louis in the St. Lawrence River near Montreal on August 5, when *Tecumseh* will be compelled to meet the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club defender, which has not yet been named.

FOOD

DAVID AND GOLIATH

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When medicine fails, they sometimes send sick people away to another climate for their health. Sometimes the climate does it, but more often they stumble on the proper food to take and then get well.

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On the occasion of her last visit, I begged her to give up the use of coffee, and use Postum Coffee. She replied that she could not stop coffee. I said no more at the time, but the next morning at breakfast, I passed her a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, making it as it should be made. After that, I had no more trouble, and my friend drank no more coffee. But the most surprising part of the experience was the change that soon came over her.

We began to notice it within less than a week. In less than a month, her nervousness had left her, and in three months, she was a new woman in face, figure and health. I had not dared to hope for so much benefit, although I had been greatly benefited myself by Postum, but coffee to her system was simply poisonous, and I believe this is the case with many others. She returned to her home in December, and was married within less than two months after. She never fails to give credit to Postum for her health or thanks to me for teaching her to make it properly, and well she may, for Postum has done for her what travel, doctors and medicine failed to do." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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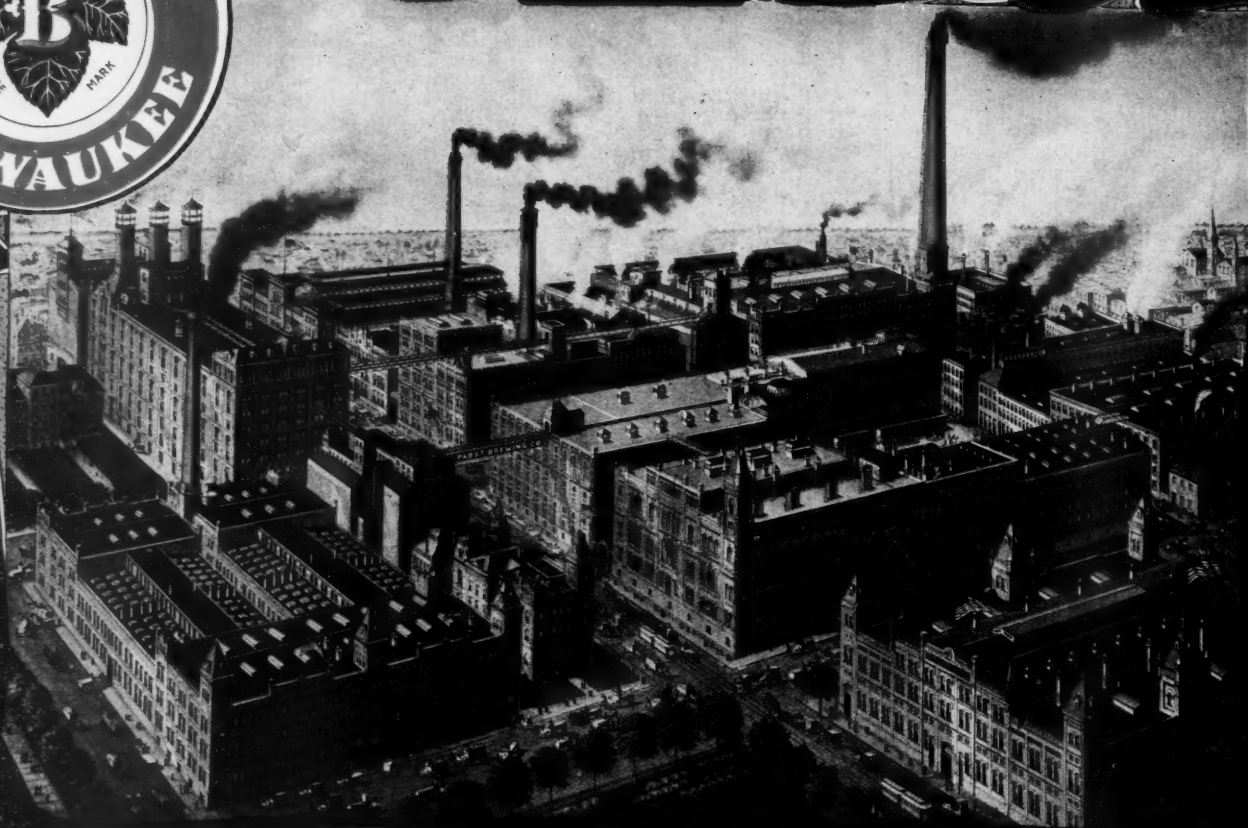
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